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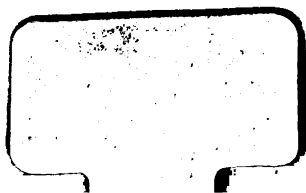
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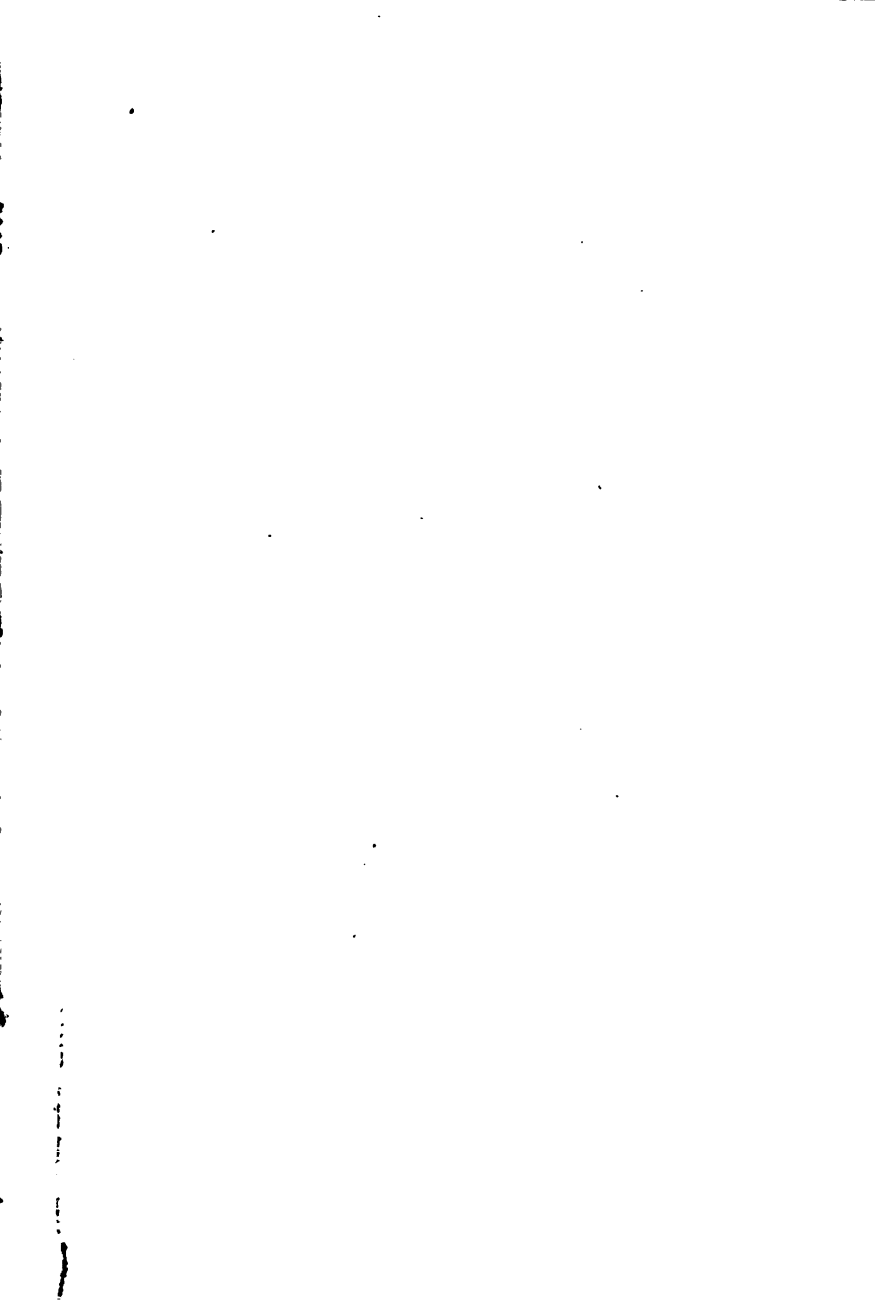
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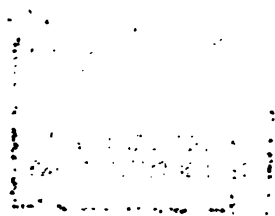


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COMMODORE ROLLINGPIN WRITING UP HIS "LOG."—*Frontispiece.*

THE LOG
OF
COMMODORE ROLLINGPIN;
6570 HIS ADVENTURES
AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

BY
JOHN H. CARTER.

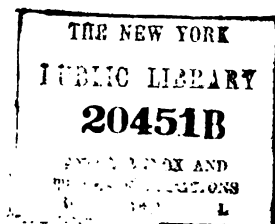
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TO
JOHN A. SCUDDER,

OF
MISSOURI,

A GENTLEMAN HONORED ALIKE FOR HIS FINANCIAL ABILITY, IRRE-
PROACHABLE CHARACTER, AND READINESS TO LEND A HELP-
ING HAND TO THOSE WORTHY OF ADVANCEMENT,

THIS BOOK IS

Respectfully Inscribed

BY THE

AUTHOR.

WQR 19 FEB '36

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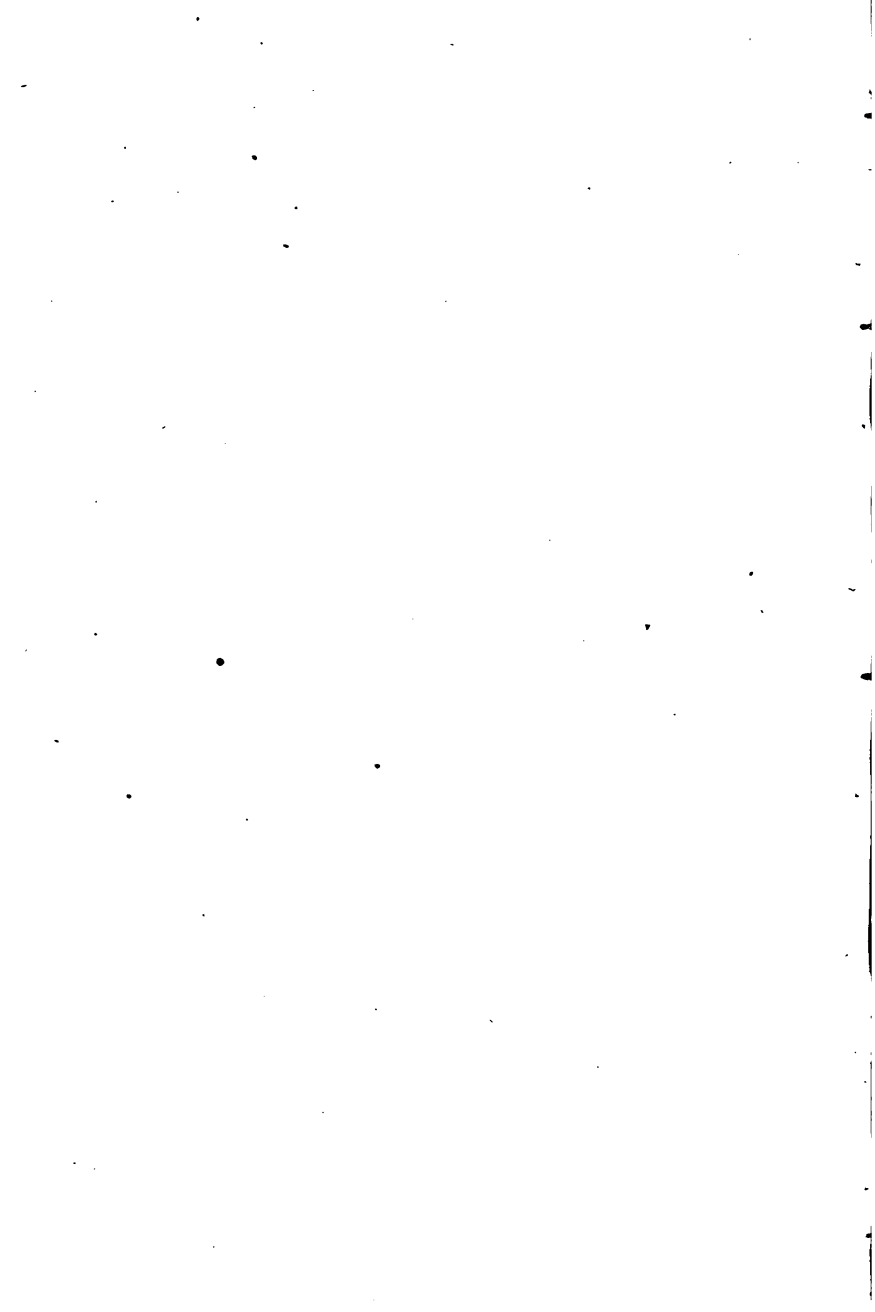
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PART I.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE HEROIC BOOTBLACK;

OR,

THE BROKER'S STRATEGY.

[*A Story of the Panic, 1873.*]

I.

CHAPTER I.

"O give me back my fifteen cents,
O give me back my money;
O give me back my fifteen cents,
And I'll go home, my honey."—SHAKESPEARE.

OUR story opens in the city of St. Louis; and I will here take time by the forelock, and inform the gentle reader that it closes without going outside of the corporation limits.

It was a bright morning in autumn, and the sun was up about as high as he generally gets at 10 A.M. Dennis Magannagin, a rising young bootblack, was seen walking hurriedly back and forth in front of a lamp-post, at the base of which was deposited his professional outfit. The little tin box was branded, "Mason's best oil blackin', warranted to turn water." I merely mention this fact to show a discriminating

public that Dennis was a straightforward business boy, and scorned to take advantage of the public— inferior brands of blacking can be had at one cent a box less than the genuine Mason, but our hero used nothin' but the best. His eyes were bent upon

the ground, and he occasionally ran his tapering fingers nervously and hurriedly through his auburn hair. His locks were long, and his mien commanding. Oh, he was a stunner. He wore no jewelry.

The street was full of people, who jostled up against him as they crowded by; but he noticed them not—nary a notice.

A hissing sound escaped through his clenched teeth, as he murmured: "My mother! O mother! it's all up with her, and her biscuit's dough. At 12 M. the Black Maria leaves the Four Courts for the rock pile; and unless the old woman's fine is liquidated, she's gone up for six months."

"Sharkey," said Dennis, addressing an amateur of his own noble profession, "Sharkey, give me a stump and a match; be quick, old pard!"

The young gentleman spoken to was dressed in a



plain suit which had evidently come from one of the oldest families. Its age needed no other proof than the garments themselves afforded. To use a war term, they had "seen service." But let that trot along. Suffice it to say that Sharkey did as he was bid, and Dennis soon found himself stationed behind ten cents' worth of a two-bit Havana, and ready for his desperate undertaking.

CHAPTER II.

"Rescue, my noble Festus, rescue! or all is gone up the Flume!"—HATCHET-FACED PETE.

LEAVING his kit in the hands of his tried and trusty friend, Sharkey, Dennis hurried to the Four Courts, where he arrived just in time to hear the judge say:

"Take her down."

"Hold!" cried our hero, his whole frame quivering with emotion. "I outbid yon sordid huckster for that piece of second-hand furniture." (Dennis had seen Ben De Bar play Iago in the "Forty Thieves.") "Touch not a hair upon that venerable physiognomy," he continued, "or I'll—"

"Silence!" cried the court; "*I'm* doing the heavy tragedy for this law mill." And, rising majestically in his seat, he frowned upon the bold intruder, and continued: "Knowest thou me, my

young joskin? Knowest thou the peasant boy who, seventeen hundred and ninety years ago, when we chanced to cross upon the ice one wiuter, as they were just sinking the iron caissons for the great bridge which is to be completed A.D. 4000? Ha! In whose well-filled flask saw you the subtle *sperrits* which more than suited you? Ha, my boy!"

"Art thou he?" queried Dennis, as he tumbled back speechless and overcome with contending



emotions. "Then all is played." But soon recovering his equanimity, he burst forth in a supplicating tone: "O, spare her, and I'll serve you as the veriest menial! Appoint me chief of police, judge of the county court—*anything* but banishment." But the court was firm—immovable, as they call it in newspaper reports. Judges have flinty hearts; five hundred gallons of tears couldn't move 'em.

But I beg the indulgence of the patient reader while I add, by the way of parenthesis, that a good glass of beer has been known to do it for the time being.

"No," said the judge, "her doom is hermetically wafered. Pay thy maternal ancestor's fine, or her shingle will be hung out, forthwith, for the stone quarry. I give you one hour to raise the wind, so git up and git! Dust! Obsquatulate!"

CHAPTER III.

"Clear the track for Old Dan Tucker, or he'll be too late for his refreshment."—*Lord Byron*.

TEARING himself from the scene so powerfully depicted in the last chapter, Dennis lost no time in reaching the office of a stockbroker, whom he addressed thusly:

"Kind sir, canst thou and wiltest thou serve me professionally for a small per cent.?"

"I canst and wiltest," said the broker, drawing himself up to his full height, and keeping his hunchback in his rear; "name thy biz."

"Then knowest thou," said Dennis, "that in yonder bank [which in our story shall be nameless] my mother, who is now held in durance vile, has safely, ah! too safely, lodged just sixteen scads. It is the thrifty savings of forty years' hard service in the

peanut trade. Here is the certificate of deposit. See, 'tis \$16.00. I know 'tis past all surgery, and must remain in *statu quo*; but if you will be so kind as to raise me \$12.00, I will surrender unto you and your heirs, etc., to have and to hold, now and forever and for all time to follow, all my own and the old lady's vested right and title to this sheepskin. Answer me quick; I stand on sudden haste.



“ ‘For, should the dial pass the hour of one
And the fine not paid, the woman's gone
Where the frog croaketh.’ ”

“Thy tears and supplications have done the biz,”
said the noble-hearted broker. “Thou shalt have
the currency. You heard me!”

CHAPTER IV.

"Though ten thousand rugged cashiers and presidents should thwart him in the front, the American broker would go on and enter in the rear."—*John Smith.*

It was just 12.30 when the broker left the front door of his office, and passed through the rear entrance of the bank where our hero's mother had her wealth deposited. He at once made known the object of his visit, but the haughty banker would listen to nothing less than ten per cent. discount. The broker paused to meditate. Ten per cent.? That would only leave him fifteen per cent. for his trouble. "Too little," he insisted; "too little." He cast his eyes upon the clock; it lacked but twenty-five minutes to one, and the money must be raised at once, or the heroic boy's mother would be sacrificed to appease the vengeance of outraged justice. There was not a moment to be lost, so he sunk his own interest in that of humanity, and took the money less ten per cent., which, after deducting fifteen per cent. for himself, he placed in the hands of the anxious Dennis. The old woman was saved.

My story's ended, and if I've shown that suspension is good for the banks, my object has been accomplished.

II.

BRET HARTE IN ST. LOUIS, 1873.

HAVING a curiosity to see the author of the *Heathen Chinee*, I determined to pay him a visit; and wending my way to the Southern Hotel, I inquired at the office if Mr. Bret Harte was in. The obliging clerk said he was, and asked me if I wished to see him. I said I did. Calling a boy, he told

him to take up my card.

The boy approached me with a silver waiter, and requested me to deposit upon it my piece of pasteboard. Then he looked at it a moment and began to



tremble. *He knew me!* It's astonishing how the ignorant respect and fear us famous men. I patted him on the head in a patronizing sort of way, and said: "My child, be not alarmed; I'll not hurt you. Take up my card."

He went, and was gone but a moment. The busi-

ness of the hotel went on just the same as though nothing extraordinary was taking place. Even the proprietors were ignorant of the momentous event. Otherwise, they might have hurried things up.

The servant soon returned, carrying the waiter in his right hand, edge downwards. This was important to me, though it may not appear so to the reader. Had he come back with the receptacle in a horizontal position, Commodore Rollingspin and Bret Harte might not have met. As it was, we did.

"Mr. Harte," said the boy, "Mr. Harte wishes you to come up."

Drawing myself up to my full height—which is just six feet—and roaching up my hair, so as to display my intellectual forehead to the best advantage, and with a commanding mien, I said, "Lead on, I'll follow." He led.

Ascending two flights of stairs, we halted in front of a door. It was an ordinary door of the ancient Gothic style of architecture. It might have once been relieved by a touch of the Grecian. But every vestige of grease had long ago disappeared.

"This," said the boy, turning white and shivering from head to foot with that peculiar awe the humble feel when in the presence of the truly great, "this is the room."

I was in the act of saying, "Give me the wrenching irons," but, remembering myself, I simply commanded him to withdraw. He evaporated.

I knocked at the door. A soft, musical voice said, "Come in."

I entered in my haughtiest style, with head erect and eyes fixed upon the ceiling.

Mr. Harte rose, extended his hand, grasped my own and shook it warmly.

Said I, "Mr. Harte, I presume?"

"Yes."

"I am glad to make your acquaintance; I am Commodore Rollingpin."

He fell back into a chair apparently overcome, but reviving, whispered, "Be seated."



For a moment neither of us spoke, but sat calmly contemplating each other.

Presently he asked, "How is the rolling-pin business?"

"Good!
They're going off like hot cakes at two

bits a copy. The first edition is about gone, and I shall put in another next week."

Said he, encouragingly, "I'm glad to hear it. A rolling-pin is a very useful thing to have in the house. Mrs. Harte has the same one I bought her when we went to housekeeping. We took it East from California."

I asked, "What do you think of my almanac for 1874?"

He replied that he had never heard of it.

"What!" said I, "never heard of my almanac! I'm astonished to hear you talk so. You're jesting."

"My dear sir," said he, "I never was more serious in my life."

"And you never heard of me," I continued, rising indignantly in my seat and looking him squarely in the face: "you never heard of COMMODORE ROLLINGPIN!"

"Upon my word," he responded, with that imperturbable coolness which is one of his characteristics, "I have not had that honor."



Yet this fellow had the cheek to come out West here on a lecturing tour! I could hear no more. Gathering my tile and shooting at him a glance that would have annihilated a government mule, I rushed indignantly from the apartment.

III.

HOW I BECAME A TEMPERANCE MAN.

IN my young days I used to indulge quite freely, although I never was a hard drinker. A thorough knowledge of the business, added to a good capacity, made it easy with me. It was no work at all, and I would rather drink than not.

I have done more deep thinking and scheming and planning to lay out a day's campaign for drinks, than would have been necessary to have prosecuted a successful military expedition into an enemy's country.

I would lay out my line of march, and rush up and down the front of well-known saloons, and happen in so many different places in such a short space of time, that I really astonished my acquaintances.

In the morning there would be the lunch houses to visit, which was no small job, for I often had to go through every one of them from one end of the city to the other before finding the gentleman I was looking for, and I never would have found him if some one hadn't asked me up to take a drink. But those were the truly happy days.

Since I have risen to opulence, and been able to walk into a saloon, and order, with a certainty of

not being kicked out, I have found there is more real pleasure in pursuit than in possession.

The man who has no ambition but to keep his belly full, and do that, too, on the least amount of work possible, is truly happy. If he don't see beyond his nose, he thinks he *nose* everything.

But I digress. My wife never saw me drunk but once, and it affected her so I could not have the heart to repeat it.

I will never forget that evening. I was pretty tight when I got home; but in less than fifteen minutes I was perfectly sober.

She had been sweeping, and was sitting in the front-room with a broom in her hand.

As I entered the house, she smelled my breath, and it threw her into hysterics.

The broom began playing about, and she commenced dancing.

I endeavored to quiet her nerves, but it was no use. She was too badly frightened, and I started to leave, but somehow or other the broomstick came in contact with my head, and broke it—the broomstick—in two.

It was a new instrument that I had made her a present of the day we went to housekeeping, and I felt so sorry for her that I fell down on the floor unconscious.

When I came to, the neighbors had me stretched out on a sofa, and were bathing my head with cold water.

My eyes were both black—they are naturally gray—and terribly swollen.

The accident to the broom came near proving fatal with me.



BREAKING THE INSTRUMENT.

But I got well, and never said anything to her about it. I was so sorry for her I could not. But I have been very careful since not to frighten her.

I never travel for health, but have made some voyages for the purpose of enjoying sprints.

They are not healthy in our house.

IV.

POULTRY.

Too much care cannot be bestowed upon the training of fowls.

In olden times it was all good enough for chickens to begin crowing for daylight at three o'clock in the morning ; but in these enlightened days such a thing cannot be tolerated. The best remedy known for prohibiting roosters from disturbing the farm at such unreasonable hours, is to place rings on their necks. After their windpipes have been once well wrung they will keep quiet.

No well-educated fowl will permit itself to be caught when the circuit rider comes around. A



ADMIRATION.

little good management on such occasions will have the effect of rendering ministers' visits far less frequent.

The instinct of the chicken is to scratch for a livelihood, yet, like man, it has no scruples in appropriating a few worms from fields where others have done the ploughing.

On well-regulated farms chickens never disturb the garden. I have known them to stand outside for weeks, as thick as boys around a circus tent, admiring the ripening tomatoes and other vegetables, without touching them. But the fence was so high they could not get over it.

When my hens are disposed to set at the wrong season of the year, I always place a torpedo among the eggs, and apply a slow match. This never fails to break up the nest, and at the same time raise the chicken.

Game chickens, as a general thing, are not profitable. Their peculiar merits are rarely recognized in the country. I have known two brave roosters to fight from morning until night behind a haystack in the barn-yard, with no one to bet a cent on them or give them a word of encouragement, and then slink away to roost only to renew the contest the next morning. I suppose, however, they considered they were helping carry on the farm, and were putting in full time.

Ducks and geese need a little assistance in starting in the world, but they soon learn to paddle their own canoe. This species of the fowl should be assorted with care, as it never fails to yield a fair return for the outlay—when well *picked*.

There is no money in turkeys, but as Christmas

and New Year's would not be much without them, a small crop may be tolerated.

As for mocking-birds and canaries, they will have to be considered deadheads, and set down among the household expenses for luxuries. Should the cage be left where the cat can get at it, they will be apt to be set down as gone.

V.

A MODEL BOARDING-HOUSE.

THERE is nothing like a young man having a good boarding-house,—a place where he can feel at home.

I have been stopping with my landlady over seven years, and am becoming daily more attached to her. But she is such a hospitable old woman. I remember when I first took up my abode with her. It was in mid-winter, and times were rather dull. She had a house full of boarders, and many of them were out of employment and broke. I saw she was hard up, and didn't ask her for a cent.

In about seven weeks I got a job, and told her I would have to tear myself away from her. She was much affected, and said if I must go she would have to insist on me leaving something for her to remember me by. I told her to take a lock of my

hair. She said she preferred something more substantial; my trunk would do. I replied I needed a change of wardrobe, and could not possibly do without my trunk. She insisted I would have to leave it.



BLOCKADE.

I protested, and was about to remove it to the pavement.

She placed herself in the door, and said that trunk couldn't go out, if the court knew itself.

She filled the door full, and I couldn't get neither over her nor around her. I saw that contention was useless, and let her have her own way.

When landladies take a notion to a chap, its hard to shake them. I have been away often since, for months at a time, but I always leave behind that trunk. It is now one of the oldest pieces of furniture about the house, and she looks upon it as the most valuable. Every time she takes stock, it is put down at higher figures. The last time it was counted at five hundred dollars.

But I never dun her. The woman is trying to get along, and I am willing to assist her. If the account runs up, I will have to stand it.

VI.

THE FIVE SENSES.

WE all have five senses, or ought to have them, if we cultivate good cents, and a man who don't is not considered much by society. He may be ever so handsome and well-dressed and educated, but if he hasn't five cents he will be snubbed.

Sight is one of the most pleasing senses. We never tire in gazing upon objects of interest, such as five-twenty bonds, or ten per cent. notes, secured by mortgages on first-class real estate.

"Veni, Vidi, Vici."

"I came, and saw, and overcame," says Cæsar.

But everybody is not so fortunate; many who

over came, a half century ago, have been sorry ever since they came over, and would gladly go back to sea, if they had the cents. But they were not good business men, and when an opportunity offered didn't Cæs-er.

The philosophy of sight consists in a man seeing something which will benefit him; and it may be added that benefits greatly enhance the pleasure of sight-seeing. A man, after a good benefit, will see his way clear for at least two weeks ahead.

Sight has many varieties: There are the sites for cities, so numerous out West; sight drafts, which hoop business men up so lively that they sometimes cause a protest; hind sights, sights worth seeing, etc.

Of all the five senses, sight is doubtless supreme, for whatever our fortune might be without it, we couldn't see it.

Hearing is a sense that admits of unlimited cultivation. In its normal condition it is vulgar, and apt to lead us astray. A properly educated ear will take in or shut out sounds at will, and never opens its portals to a dun—unless they are done brown and served with Worcestershire sauce and other relishes; then, oysters will be preferred. Neither will it take cognizance of slanderous vituperation calculated to excite the passions to colloquial or muscular controversies. But to the higher instinct of our nature, such as the death of wealthy relatives, and social invitations to walk up and take something, it will be a willing listener, and respond

with that elegant grace which never fails to characterize refinement.

Taste is a sense, which, if too freely indulged, inevitably make us sensual, and will soon run through with every cent we've got and can borrow or owe. Therefore, the most dangerous crop we can cultivate is taste.

Feeling is a sense that can be trusted with safety, although many men feel for their cents and don't find any. A sense of feeling may be very properly expressed on most public occasions; but we should not feel for the public cents unless we have got a sure thing on getting away with them, for if caught in the act we will be very apt to be sentenced.

Smelling is a sense of no great importance, but as it brought us in the first scent we ever had, it is much respected, and allowed to take a very prominent position.

To impress the rising generation with a proper estimate of the five cents, it is only necessary to state that all rich men take great care of them.





SANCTUM SANCTORUM.

VII.

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT THE PRESS.

My connection with the press dates back to infancy, and I find, by tracing the family genealogy, that my ancestors were identified with it for two centuries before.

It is recorded in George the Third's time, that

my grandfather, Tim Rollingpin, was pressed into the royal army and shipped off to America to scalp Yankees, but on arriving at Baltimore he pressed a horse and ex-press time for the interior.

One day, while travelling in New England, he became hungry and thirsty, and alighted at a cider-mill to get a drink. A fresh cheese was under the screws, but the liquid had almost ceased dripping into the reception tub. He examined the premises, but found no one near. He called for the proprietor, but received no response. He made a second survey of the situation, and becoming satisfied the cider needed pressing, he pressed it. No one ever came to thank him for it, but he had his reward in the self-gratification which always follows a disinterested act of kindness, and he departed happy.

For the first twenty-five years of my life I pressed promiscuously.

My first lesson was taken on ploughed ground where I followed a harrow and assisted with my feet in breaking the clods. This gave me a good understanding, and placed me before the world on a broad footing, although my life has been somewhat harrowed ever since. But circumstances over which my employer had no control, soon drew me to the city, where the attractive scenery and my natural love of elegant leisure gave me new inspiration, and for several years I flourished by pressing brick, and whatever else came in my way. When a waist offered, it was always pressed, although little time was wasted.

During the prevalence of the late unpleasantness, I was continually beset with provost marshals, who, struck with my commanding appearance and fine figure, insisted upon me taking a position in the army. I refused, telling them I was not inclined to admire as active life as would essentially grow out of a strict attention to military duties.

They insisted, and even offered me large bounties; still I declined. But it was of no avail; they pressed me, and I had to go.

But as a member of the press, I made up my mind to get even, and I pressed everything I came across, and was getting a very large circulation of other people's property when the war closed, and I was ruined. Like many others, the war broke me. I got along fine while it lasted.

The success which has attended me since I have been a member of the American press has astonished everybody, and particularly my fellow-reporters. They all agree I can press more items, and fix them up so as to make them appear new, than any one they ever heard of.

They have often expressed themselves with surprise at seeing my reports.

But genius is a gift, and cannot be acquired; and press—onward—is the motto of the Rollingpin family.

VIII.

THE EIGHT-HOUR MOVEMENT.

EIGHT hours to work and sixteen for relaxation is a decided improvement on the old system, but it is not quite the thing yet. In this country, where men are well fed and have strong constitutions, they can stand a great deal of rest. I have often taken twenty-four hours at a time, and felt none the worse for it.

Labor is the cornerstone of civilization, and has been eulogized in every age since the foundation of the world, but I have yet to hear of any great honors being heaped upon the workman.

In looking over the literature of the past, I find that poets are almost a unit for rest. Rest is the principal burden of their song. A few off-hand rhymes, however, have been written. "Come, rest on this bosom, my own stricken deer," etc., are strains which entitle poets to the respect of all laborers.



STUDYING ABOUT IT.

I have been in favor of the eight-hour movement since I discovered how to live without work. Previous to that time, a movement of one or two hours a day was quite sufficient.

The longest movement I ever had anything to do with occurred about fifteen years ago. It was set on foot by a boarding-house keeper, and lasted night and day for two months. The thing grew out of a misunderstanding between the landlord and myself as to how I should pay my bill. He insisted on having his money in advance. I bore his insolence for three weeks, when I became so disgusted with him that I left, not even stopping for my baggage.

In those days I used to occasionally treat myself to a little work; but I was careful of my constitution, and never failed to take proper relaxation between jobs. I didn't object to carrying the corn sack a quarter of a mile; but I thought it hard to have to walk back to the boat, and often became so disgusted with the lack of enterprise on the part of the captain and mate, that I went right off and sat down and began studying about it. It seemed such



a useless waste of vitality that I couldn't justify it, and I was trying to invent some kind of a self-propelling machine to return on.

But I finally got to be a boss contractor, and hired a superintendent, and my genius took a rest.

My machine was never completed, but I substi-

tuted an idea, which answered as well—by providing the men with a load each way.

IX.

HOW TO PUT CHILDREN TO BED.

WHEN the proper hour for retiring arrives, say ten o'clock in the evening, send your hired girl to hunt the younger members of the family up. In the course of half an hour, if they do not return, you may take a little stroll yourself, and see what is detaining them. After loitering about for some time, you can return to the house and ascertain what luck those who have preceded you have met with. Should they still be absent, you will probably feel like taking another ramble, in which event a couple of police officers may be induced to go along and enliven the occasion by ringing a bell and asking numerous questions of the crowds upon the street corners. In the meantime, your wife can pass the time away by making brief calls upon the neighbors.

If there is no circus in town, or recently emptied sugar hogsheads outside the corner groceries, you will be apt to meet at home by eleven o'clock, when you should embrace each other and be happy. The children should then be undressed and their clothes

placed in separate piles, especially if the man of the house has them all to dress next morning; but should the mother be willing to take upon herself this responsibility, the garments may be tumbled anywhere. For my part, I am always anxious to know where they are put when taken off.

The youngsters should now be placed in the tub, and if disposed to sing too loud when brought in contact with cold water, the left hand may be placed gently over the mouth, while the right proceeds with the ablution, and such other applications as the occasion may require. If they persist in being noisy, a stick of candy or a nickel apiece for their savings bank may be offered as an inducement to compromise.

It was Simon who said, "Wig, Wag," but Solomon made a much more foolish remark when he said, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Solomon didn't know this, but I do, by experience. I whipped one of my boys once, and he has been spoiling ever since to get even.

In removing the children from the bath, be sure and wipe them dry, after which put on their night-clothes and place them in bed. Promise each one of the boys a pair of new boots and painted sled if they will go right to sleep and keep still, and the girls a dollar apiece and any amount of new dresses. Should this not bring about the desired result, it may be hinted that the first one asleep will be permitted to remain at home, and not go to school the next day. This will so fill their minds with pater-

admiration that stillness will soon begin to reign, when you can get your paper, and sit down to read.



STOPPING THE MUSIC.

In case any of them cry during the night for a drink, the head of the family, of course, will not hear them; the wife, at such times, awakening much easier than the husband. Besides, she understands better how to administer to their wants. Good children always sleep sound, and do not awaken until their father has left the house in the morning. This gives the mother an opportunity to get up and build the fire, and assist the girl in get-

ting breakfast, after which she can dress them at her leisure.

A first-class business man will always be careful, in getting out of bed, not to awaken the little dears.

There is nothing like bringing up children in the way they should go. "Early to bed and early to rise," is a big thing. I am now a hale old man of sixty, and feel confident I owe my well-preserved frame and constitution to my regular habits. In my youth, I always went to bed by one or two o'clock in the morning, and never later than daylight, unless attending a social gathering.

X.

THE BEST MAN IN THE HOUSE.

NEARLY all Western boatmen used occasionally to go on a spree. They don't do it now, I believe. Their morals, as a class, have greatly improved since a number of us old hands left the river. But the business is not calculated to inspire morality.

After being cooped up on a steamboat for a couple of weeks, and being greatly overworked as well, a fellow feels like having a little fun when he comes into port, and we generally did.

Theatres monopolized the early part of the night.

Then we commenced our rounds, and took in the saloons. If we were not on our muscle when we left the boat, we generally got on it by one or two o'clock in the morning, and a fight was pretty sure to result.

On one occasion there were several of us together. We had been running all night, and were about as tight as men can be and keep out of the calaboose. Among the number were Sam Wilks, the boat's bar-keeper, and Dick Peebles, a deckhand. Peebles had a grudge against Wilks for refusing him credit on a certain trip at his bar, and had long been watching an opportunity to get even with him.

As time wore on and steam ran higher, Peebles grew more boisterous, and began to boast of his muscular powers in a manner calculated to attract the attention of the neighborhood.

He directed all his conversation to Wilks, whom he seemed determined to draw into a fight, and, to use his own language, "Eat him up without salt." He called him all manner of names; dared him to come outside and fight him like a man, offering him, as a taunt, to tie his right hand behind him, and lick him with his left. But all to no purpose. Wilks wasn't on his muscle. Yet in the wind-work, that was going on, Wilks was fully the equal of his antagonist.

If he wouldn't fight he was not to be bluffed off and was as fertile in resources in successfully sparring off an encounter, as his adversary was in pushing it. In fact, it was known of Wilks, that he was

never in his element unless engaged in working up a "muss," which he never failed to turn over to some one else to execute.

But they kept on quarrelling, and Peebles had pushed Wilks back into the corner of the bar-room, and was shaking his fist under his nose. Wilks retaliated with words, but wouldn't fight. Peebles was so enraged that he finally slapped Wilks on the face. This touched Wilks' metal. He leaped upon a chair and yelled: "Look here, Sam Peebles, I'm no fighter; I wasn't brought up a fighter; but I don't allow anybody to lick me. You've been blowing around here about licking me for the last three hours; you can't lick nothing; there's a man in this house can eat you up in a minute."

"I am the best man in the house," shouted Peebles, as he staggered up against the counter.

"No you ain't," said Wilks; "ROLLINGPIN is the best man in the house. Old Roller's no slouch, as sly as it's kept. If you could only get him started he'd lick anybody. Just feel that muscle" (taking hold of my arm); "and as for that fist, a man had better be kicked by a mule than have that thrown at him."

I had paid little attention to the matter up to this time, further than responding to all invitations to walk up and drink; but I now began to feel terribly strong.

I took handsomely, and Wilks found himself relieved of all further responsibility, and at once be-

came an innocent spectator. I felt the weight of my responsibility, and was determined to acquit myself with honor. I was bound to get away with my man.

I commenced to shed my linen, but two of the boys came up and pushed my coat back onto my shoulders. I next picked up a chair, and threw it across the house with great violence. I looked over



in the other corner of the room, and saw Peebles with nothing on but his pants. He was ready for me.

Two of the boys got between us, and moved that, if we must fight, we adjourn to a lumber yard, and fight it out like men. We all took another drink, and started for the scene of the battle. It was now

broad daylight, and we went staggering along the street. We passed many boisterous remarks, but no saloons. We took them all in. It was a tedious job, yet we worried through with it.

At about ten o'clock we arrived at the scene of the conflict, and began preparing for the mill. It took seven men to hold us—not from going together, but from going to the ground. We were tired, and wanted to rest.

I have often thought, since that, that would have been one of the hardest-slept fights on record, if we had been permitted to have followed our inclinations. We would have slept it out on that line, if it had taken till the next morning. But the seconds declared everything in readiness, and ordered us to square off and face each other. We did the best we could, and, after sparring a moment, drew nearer, with a determination to force the fighting. I made a few feints, then feel back out of Peebles' reach.

It was a fine move, and well executed, for my seconds found, on bringing me again to the scratch, that I had torn the ground up for about forty feet. Peebles had showed equally good science, for, in his eagerness to escape my great weight,—for I was about to fall over him,—run his head under a pile of lumber.

Finally they got him out, and brought him again to the scratch. We sparred a moment, and then made a lunge for each other (it was accidental, however), and missed. It was the last round. The mill ended. We were both terribly punished.

I have a distinct recollection of rolling down a descent some two hundred feet, and I understand Pebbles canvassed the other side of the same precipice. It was a hard-contested fight, and we were



MISSED.

both satisfied to let the matter drop. In settling my little difficulties, however, since that time, I am always particular to ascertain how the ground lies. I prefer to begin at the base and fight up hill. It's slower work, but then it is far more safe.

XI.

AN OLD FRIEND.



THIS familiar cut will be readily recognized by boatmen as the exquisitely wrought piece of art which indicates their advertisements in the daily papers.

The name of the author is lost to tradition, but it was probably engraved by one of the old masters. It is known to have been in use in the days of Fulton, and stood forth in bold relief in the columns of a New York paper, and announced, with the assistance of emblazoned capitals, the departure of the first steam ferry-boat.

Some art critics maintain that its existence is coeval with navigation itself, and that it was used by the ancients in their hieroglyphics to represent a ship. It is also claimed that there is a perceptible resemblance between it and the Roman galley, and that the chimneys, jackstaff, and wheelhouses have been added since the invention of the steamboat. However this may be, it is certainly a miraculous piece of art, and grows in popularity as it takes upon itself the dignity of years. As a trade-mark, it has no equal in the civilized world. There is not a steamboat captain afloat that will not swear by it,

provided it is accompanied by the name of his boat, while as a representative of Republican ideas it is perfect, giving to the tiniest dinkey an equal voice with the most pretentious river palace.

It has, perhaps, been more admired by captains of stern-wheel boats than any work of its kind in existence, and owes its success to a consistency which has rarely been equalled. It never changes, but is the same at all times and under all circumstances, whether representing a Great Republic or a Duck Creek ferry-boat.

Observe the symmetrical proportions of the hull, the gracefully floating flags as they mingle their loyal stripes with the fantastically fashioned clouds of bituminous gases that are belched forth by the ponderous furnace. "See how the artist has played the spider" and woven her chimney guys into threads of delicate beauty, while the jackstaff, like a cedar of Lebanon, towering over all, defies the elements.

Not among the least of its beauties is the picture's transparency. One can almost imagine that he sees the stewardess, happy in the direction of the affairs of her cabin, shrinking from public scrutiny, and leaving the mind to follow her through those mystic chambers which are known to exist within.

The happy roustabout, as he sits smoking his pipe on the forecastle, more than half concealed amidst the tarpaulins and stages, is a master-piece of workmanship, and is sufficient in itself to render the author's name immortal.

Then the scores of lovely women, like naiads just

risen from the limpid waters, peeping from the half-closed shutters, are extremely suggestive. The



pilot, seeming to realize his responsibility, stands like a statue at his post, unconscious of all surrounding objects. An inexperienced eye would not even suspect that there was any one in the pilot house. But the grandest effect of the whole is produced in the captain's temporary absence from the roof. In

this scene the artist has surpassed himself, and leaves the gazer struck dumb with admiration.

There is a novelty in this view which calls up many pleasing reflections. The eye measures the length and breadth of the roof, but rests on no commander. The mind, unsatisfied, goes in search of him. It descends the forward steps, and, tracing the boiler deck through the labyrinths of life-saving apparatus, seeks him in the office; but he is not there. It treads the velvet carpets and peers into the ladies' cabin with like result. It rushes out of a side door to the guards, and makes the circuit of the outside, but finds him not. A painful suspense attended by a feeling of disappointment begins to be felt, when he is discovered in the corner of the hall, giving certain orders to the bar-keeper. This

happy *dénouement* fills us with delight, and renders the effect perfect.

I shall never cease to admire the teachings of this picture. It encourages industry by seeming always ready for business, and is suggestive of everything that adds to the welfare and prosperity of a community. I shall instruct my children to study its character closely, and imitate its example, that they may be prosperous and happy.

XII.

THE TURKISH BATH.

I WAS walking down the street the other day, when I met Simpson, and he said :

“Come on, Rollingpin, let’s go and have a Turkish bath, and I’ll pay for two.”

Said I, “All right, old chum, I never refuse those kind of offers ; but I’ve never taken one.”

Said he, “Neither have I ; but I want company, so come along.”

In a few moments we entered the bath-house. The first thing we did was to register and deposit our valuables and take checks for them. Simpson then handed the man behind the counter a ten-dollar bill, and asked for tickets

“How many will you have ?” said he.

"Give me the worth of that money of them. I want to take these baths regular," replied Simpson.

We were then led into the rear of the building and shown into small stalls, and requested to disrobe. In the meantime we carried on a conversation something after this fashion :



HELLO, SIMPSON, WHERE ARE YOU ?

"Hello, Simpson, where are you ?"

"Here I am."

"How do you like it ?"

"Bully."

"I think it's a good thing ; don't you ?"

"You bet."

"Cures any disease in the world."

"I should say so."

"Are you ready, gentlemen ?" said the attendant, a saddle-colored man, dressed in the style of a Turk.

"All ready," we both answered.

"Then wind the red garment (imported from Turkey) around your loins, and step this way."

We obeyed, and were led into a small room, which resembled a bake oven, in which was placed a row of chairs much the same as are used in barber shops, and upon which we were directed to take our positions. The attendant then wet two large sponges in cold water, and, placing one of them on each of our foreheads, told us to make ourselves comfortable. As he passed out he looked at the thermometer and said it was rather low, only 200 above zero, and he would have to fire up a little.

We told him to fire away, and give it to us red hot; we wanted the worth of our money.

The attendant said we would have to stay in there half an hour, so we thought we'd pass the time away in discussing the sensation. By this time we were both outswearing a bound boy at a husking, and the water in the sponges on our foreheads had become so hot that the steam was rising off them, until we looked like two high-pressure steamboats blowing off.

"How does she go, Rollingpin?" said Simpson.

"Rich," I answered; "never felt anything like it."

"I wonder who invented this?" said Simpson; "he must have been a smart man—some Turk, I reckon."

"I should say so. No American would ever have thought of it," said I.

"A splendid thing for the women," said Simpson;

"cures all kinds of ailments; let's get our wives to try it."

"All right," I replied.

Here the attendant stuck his head in the room and yelled, "Time up, gents; step this way to the scouring ward."

"Aye, aye!" we both answered.

As we stepped on to the floor we found it covered with boiling water six inches deep. The attendant said that was perspiration, and asked us if we felt lighter. We told him that we thought we did, but not until we had lit out of there, for the hot water scalded all our toe nails off. Another attendant was now introduced, and they laid us on



RED HOT.

two marble slabs and proceeded to scour us. This they called the second course. They rubbed on soap until the lather covered us entirely from view, and we resembled two great bunches of sea foam that had been left by the ebbing tide on the beach. During

this process conversation was not in order, all our time being taken up in catching our breath, giggling from being tickled when their hands would come in contact with the soles of our feet and our bodies under our arms. Presently they told us to stand

up and take the shower-bath. This they gave us from a boiling-down to an ice-cold temperature, using great precaution all the while to squirt it in our faces, so that we could put in the time in catching our breath and enjoying the thing generally.

After getting us thoroughly rinsed, which must have taken about half the water in the reservoir, they rubbed us down with currycombs, and said we were ready for the plunge.

Simpson said he wouldn't take any plunge in his, and I thought I would follow suit; so we passed the plunge and went into the dry room, where, after being mopped off, we were wrapped in sheets and placed in chairs to dry. Here we held another conversation, as follows:

"How do you feel, Rollingpin?"

"Never better, though a little weak."

"A big thing, ain't it?"

"You heard me."

Presently Simpson remarked that we had better dress and go, as the street cars would soon stop running for the night. So we put on our clothes, and were soon ushered into the street. I felt about two ounces lighter than a straw hat, and Simpson remarked that that was about his sensation.

We parted and went home, and went to bed, and I was soon fast asleep. The next day I sent word to the office that I wouldn't be down; and requested the editor to procure some one to get up my reports, adding, by way of explanation, "that I was enjoying a Turkish bath, and couldn't tear myself away from its influences."

About a week after I managed, with the assistance of a cane, to reach the office, and reported for duty. Several days later I met Simpson, who was just making his first appearance in the street. His clothes were all too large for him, and hung around his emaciated form in great folds and wrinkles.



TAKE THEM.

He resembled a collapsed balloon, and seemed to be in search of some one to blow him up to his maximum proportions. I asked him what he thought of the "Turkish" by this time. He put his hand in his pocket and slowly drew forth his pocket-book, and opening it, took out the eight remaining tickets,

while his voice betrayed the weak condition of his system, and said :

"I have no enemies that I would wish to afflict with these ; perhaps you have ; take them, they may prove useful."

"No, I thank you," I replied, "no more 'Turkish' in mine."

XI.

HOW A GOOD BOY WAS ABUSED.

"JOHNNY," said the steward of a Mississippi steamer to a verdant cabin-boy, "go down on deck and tell ' Chips ' to come to dinner."

"Yes, sir," answered Johnny, as he hurried off to do as he was bid.

Approaching the gentleman in question, whom he found busy at his work-bench, he addressed him as follows :

"Mr. Chips, dinner's ready."

Without making any reply, the man threw the toe of his boot against the seat of Johnny's pantaloons with such force that it lifted him about twenty feet toward the forward part of the boat.

The boy placed his left hand over the injured part, and limped upstairs boo-hoo-ing, where he soon found the steward, and told him what had happened ;

but the steward was busy in attending to the table, and paid no attention to the boy, who, feeling aggrieved at the treatment he had received, packed up his clothes, and when the boat arrived in port that evening, he drew his money and went ashore.



"MR. CHIPS, DINNER'S READY."

The next day he shipped on another steamer, and at noon the steward told him to go down on deck and call the engineers and mates to dinner, and, said he, "go back on the after guard and tell "Chips."

Of course the boy did as he was told, and, after notifying the first-named parties of his errand, went off to deliver his message to the other. Arriving in the man's presence, he began bowing, and scraping, and acting very polite, which the man could not help but notice, and doubtless thought him a very well-behaved boy, until he said, in the most humble manner possible:

"Mr. Chips, dinner's ready."

"It is, ha," said the man, at the same time lifting

the boy out of his shop in exactly the same manner as the man had done on the previous occasion.

This steamer had not yet left the landing, and Johnny lost no time in packing his carpet-sack and getting off, firmly resolved to stand no such treatment.

In a short time he shipped upon another packet, and, for a while, everything went smoothly enough. But one day, when the boat had been detained until the middle of the afternoon in repairing her wheel, Johnny was despatched below to tell "Chips" to come to dinner.

Whether it was from fear of having repeated upon his person the knocks he had experienced previously, or whether it was from a natural affection he felt for the man whose duty it was to keep the boat in repair, is not known, but certain it is that Johnny had always treated him with great respect, and had waited upon him at table with marked consideration. They had conversed together upon various topics, and Johnny had even gone so far as to inquire—although he acknowledged he saw no resemblance between them—if he was any relation to the gentleman of the same name on the other two boats he had been on. To this interrogation the man made no reply, further than to say he had no relatives on the river.

Approaching the man, Johnny said, in the politest manner possible:

"Mr. Chips, dinner is ready."

The words had scarcely escaped his lips, when he

felt himself for the third time lifted from the deck and sent flying forward at a rapid rate.

The boy felt that he had been abused, and could not for the life of him see why he should be cuffed about in this manner by persons whom he did his best to please. So he went upstairs, sore and crying, and told the steward how these Mr. Chips' had always been kicking him about, and he would some



WHAT DO I SEE BEFORE ME.

day grow up to be a man, and he then would get even with them. But when the boy grew to man's estate he became wiser, and learned that "Chips" was but the nickname for steamboat carpenters, and that these men had kicked him because they thought him a saucy boy, when, in fact, he was nothing of the kind, but was laboring under a mistake.

MORAL.

Ignorance is the cause of nearly all of our misfortunes.

XII.

A SPELL OF SINGLE BLESSEDNESS.



Y wife has gone away for the summer and left me in full charge of the house. I like it; haven't had such a run of liberty since we were married. I hope she's having a good time, for I am; I can now exercise my rights as the head of the family. Can't do it when she's at home; she'll not stand it. She has rules, and makes every about her toe the mark. But I've got her now, and am having things my own way.

This morning I came home quite early. It was 2 A. M. I'd been to the club and got caught out in the rain. For half an hour I couldn't find the key-hole, which must have been mislaid. I felt for it everywhere, and even got down into the yard and examined every brick, but couldn't find it. I was in the act of calling one of my neighbors and asking him who had carried off my front door, when I happened to find it, and got into the house.

In the dark I kicked over a spittoon, but luckily didn't get any of the tobacco juice on my boots. I hung my overcoat and umbrella on a prong of the chandelier, let them drip on the parlor carpet, and went upstairs and turned in with my boots on. I thought it wasn't worth while to pull them off, as I would have to get up in eight or ten hours anyhow.



If my wife had been at home she'd have had me looking an hour for the bootjack, and I would have lost that amount of rest, which my system so much needed. Besides, she'd have made me give a full account of myself, which I don't like to do.

I never did believe in praising myself. It's better to let others speak of one's virtues. I can now wear a shirt a week and it's nobody's business. I don't see how I ever did get along with that woman. The idea of having to put on a clean shirt, black my boots, and brush my clothes every morning, is simply ridiculous. It is a miracle to me how I ever did it and attended to my other affairs. I now read the morning paper without being forced to see an impatient woman standing with her dress in one hand, looking very miserable, and finally telling me that she is going down town and wants that paper for a —. Any one, to look at the house now,

would know there's no woman about, everything is so quiet and comfortable and handy. If I want to do a little figuring I don't have to hunt up a pencil, or pen and ink, but I just sit down to one of the tables and do it with my finger, and there's nobody to be eternally wielding a dusting brush around my head, and telling me to get out of the way until the house is cleaned

up. These are considerations that every married man should ponder over. But when we do ponder and resolve, what good does it do? That's the question which now



agitates the American people. What good does it do? Not a bit. If these women can't have everything just their own way, they swoon off into hysterics. As a consequence, we have to pay a fifty dollar doctor's bill, and stay in the house all day, fanning them and promising in the end that "we may be happy yet," before they show any disposition to compromise. Our wives are petted too much. And this reminds me that mine won't yield to any other treatment. I undertook to prescribe a more stringent remedy for her one day, but it threw her into a fit more like the

jim-jams than anything I know of. She broke



every plate in the house over my head, and then I had to kiss her before she would promise not to do it again. That's what makes me say she is set in her ways.

There, too, are the piano and guitar, which she kept going from morning until midnight, filling the whole neighborhood with discordant sounds which she called music. Both are as mute as the bird-cage, which was vacated last week by a strategic movement of the cat.

The two hundred pots of flowers she left me to cultivate, I don't think will produce much of a crop. They're nearly all ripe now, and there's no sign of a flower yet. I have watered them twice since she left, but it

did no good. I reckon they miss her, and are pining away because she ain't here. In this respect they do not resemble me to any alarming extent.

Our kitchen never looked better. The stove and pipe have assumed a beautiful red tint, and the pots



are bringing forth a fine crop of white-looking vegetable mould, which I haven't learned the name of, but she'll know it when she comes. The dishes don't look quite as bright and clean as they might, but the flies are bad this year, and if I were to wash them every two weeks they wouldn't present a respectable appearance.

XIII.

HOW BILL STEBBINS AROUSED THE NEIGHBORS.

BILL STEBBINS was the carrier of a morning newspaper, a situation which rendered it necessary that he should get up at three o'clock in the morning and enter upon his duties. Bill was an industrious man, very industrious indeed; there was not a lazy bone in his body; but the best that Bill could do, he would oversleep himself. This grieved him very much, for he had a large family to support, and his employers had frequently threatened to discharge him on the account of his tardiness. Bill had tried every means that he could think of, or that his friends could suggest, but they all failed to answer

his purpose, and in spite of every effort he would often reach the office an hour behind time.

Finally he became discouraged, and was about to give up in despair and seek other employment,



when the idea of an alarm clock, one of these "patent tympanum bursters," occurred to him. Had Bill discovered a gold mine he could not have been more elated. And as he left the house that evening, to go

down town, he stepped upon the sidewalk with an air of independence and self-importance which he never before had exhibited. So he walked along, mentally chiding himself for his lack of enterprise in not thinking of this piece of horology before, until he arrived at a jewelry store, where he entered and made the purchase of an alarm clock, for which he paid three dollars.

It was late that evening when Bill arrived at his domicile, and the family had all retired and were fast asleep. Not wishing to awaken them, he entered the house quietly by the use of his night

key, and, setting his clock to arouse him at three o'clock, he turned in to take a snooze. At the appointed hour the alarm let go, and such a rattling and banging and confusion of discordant noises was never heard in any one house. Mrs. Stebbins screamed fire, murder, police, and the children scattered panic-stricken in all directions, and in a few seconds the neighbors and police began pouring in, to ascertain what was the matter, while the whole fire department turned out in force, and were



soon on the ground and ready for action.

In the meantime, Bill had seized the clock and tried to silence it, but it was of no use. All his efforts proved futile, and, in his excitement, he pitched the thing out of the back window, and started in search of his family. But the trouble did not end here, for, instead of alighting in the back yard, the clock fell into a neighbor's stable, among four spirited horses, and scared them so that they broke out, and it cost their owner over fifty dollars

to get them secured and brought back. Bill finally found his family, and, after fully explaining to them the cause of their fright, they returned home; but it was broad daylight before the crowd had all dispersed, and quiet was fully restored. Bill was



satisfied that the alarm clock was the thing he had been looking for, although his wife could never be induced to let him bring it in the house again, and he was obliged to rig it up in the wood-shed, where, every morning, at three A. M., it may be heard banging away, and making more noise than a rail-

HOW STEBBINS AROUSED THE NEIGHBORS 69

road train, when Bill gets up and goes about his business, a happy man.



XIV.

**YOUNG MEN AND YOUNG WOMEN OF
AMERICA.**

(Lecture delivered by **COMMODORE ROLLINGPIN**, before the Pomtonian Club of Scripville, mouth of Duck Creek.)



Young men of America (hear), you who are destined in the future to run the saloons and control the elections, cheer up. (Great enthusiasm.) Don't get despondent; smile, even if you have to do it at somebody else's expense. But by all means smile, and be gay and happy still. (Applause.) Remember your duty to society, remember the duty you owe posterity, remember the duty you owe the la-

dies, and, above all, don't forget the bill you owe your tailor. (Sensation.) Be economical and live within your income. If it isn't large enough, labor to increase it. Labor is honorable, and more especially so when it has an object in view. Let your object be landable—aim high. (Hear, hear.) An heiress is a laudable object, and worthy your best effort. I like the young men of America. I was once young. I have been there, and know how it is myself. (Continued enthusiasm.) But I'm now a hale old man of sixty, tottering on. I will soon have to transmit the keeping of this glorious Republic into your hands; are you ready for it? (A voice, "We are.") I know you will say yes. But pause; the salary grabbers were ready, but where are they now? I repeat it, where are they now? (A voice, "Lying in the shade, taking in cool drinks.") Where will they be at the next election? Nowhere. Where will you be? Ready to take their places if you can get them. Young men, the eyes of your country—and the police—are turned upon you. Do your duty. But it isn't alone to the young men that the country—and police court—looks to in the future. I am one of the few who believe that were it not for the ladies—(Cheers)—I say, were it not for the ladies, our race would play out, and cease to exist on this terrestrial globe. (Great enthusiasm from the female portion of the audience.) This is a bold stand to take; but I maintain it. Therefore, young women of America, much depends upon you. This is no joke. You are the

stewards of our domestic happiness—the disbursers of our liberal means, and the superintendent of things generally. I like men, but I adore women. (“Oh, the dear old creature,” screamed a middle-aged single lady, as she threw the lecturer a handsome bouquet.) Men’s happiness depends on their capacity to get away with mixed drinks; women’s on marriage. And this should admonish you—O women of America—to be careful who you marry! (Hear.) Remember it costs fifty dollars to obtain a divorce, and then you may be kept out of it twelve months. Think of the agony of an ardent lover, one who adores you, and is willing to squander himself upon you, having to wait a year before he can press you to his bosom and call you his own—for a couple of weeks—and that, too, when he is in straightened circumstances, and is running in debt for board and washing. Better have a gold chain around your neck, anchored to a heavy chronometer in your belt, than marry a man that don’t love you. For love is everything, and perfect women are always in demand, and so are some that ain’t perfect, who have winning ways. (A voice, “That’s so.”) My wife once had winning ways—I believe the old lady’s not present—(A voice, “No; go on.”) and won me for her own in spite of all the wealthy belles of the nation. She ought to feel proud of me, and I reckon she is, but she don’t let on. Women never do let on when things suit them, but when things don’t challenge their unqualified admiration, stand from under; you heard me. Excuse

this enthusiasm ; I warm when contemplating lovely woman. Ladies and gentlemen, I will detain you no longer. (Applause.)

XV.

ONE OF THE OLD LAND-MARKS.*



HANK SLAUGHTER is a self-made man, out and out ; and if there is any one thing in his remarkable career that he prides himself on more than another, it is this fact. He has fought his way up from the bot

* The illustrations to this article are from *Nast's Almanac* for 1874, published by Harper and Brothers, New York.

tom of the ladder, and, to use his own language, "He's had to climb alone, without anybody to boost him." Left an orphan at a very early age, he first engaged in the watermelon business, which he prosecuted with great vigor, and soon gained such an enviable reputation as a skilful operator, as to attract the notice of the town authorities, who, envying his splendid success, ordered him watched. Hank bore with their insolence long and patiently, and it was not until the town constable one day took him by the ear and led him from a wagon, without giving him time to settle for two fine melons which he had stowed away under his roundabout, that he became disgusted with the place of his birth, and left it between two suns. A search into the young financier's head-quarters proved him to be a skilful operator, as over five



hundred melons were found, which he refused to come back and claim, notwithstanding there was a large reward offered for him by the mayor. Dis-

gusted with commercial pursuits, Hank now drifted back into the country, and soon found employment with a farmer, who set him to harrowing a ten-acre field with a yoke of oxen. Seeing that the clods were large, and hard to break, young Slaughter conceived the idea that it would facilitate matters if his weight were added to the instrument; so he got on board, and took a seat on the forward cross-piece, which afforded him a fine opportunity to lay on the hickory, and hurry up matters generally. It was hard work for the boy to sit there all day without anything to lean back against; but he stood it manfully, and when the evening horn summoned him to his mush and milk, he had completed the field and furnished two green hides to the tanner, which was



the biggest day's work ever done on the place. The harrow, however, came out unscathed, and lived to .

an advanced age without losing a tooth. Whether the old farmer went to kick the dog, or a pig that was standing in the back yard, near Hank, after supper, has never been explained, but it is known that he missed them both, and his number fourteens struck the rear of the boy's pantaloons with such force as to lift him over two pairs of bars, and give him such a start toward town that he hardly thought it worth while to stop his headway and return; besides, Hank had already found out that the farm was mortgaged for all it was worth, and the only daughter was pigeon-toed and cross-eyed. Passing the barn, he placed the contents of several hens' nests in his pockets, and pushed on. Fully convinced that he would not enjoy the life of a farmer, he made no farther inquiry after rural employment, but soon embarked in the capacity of assistant potato-peeler on a Mississippi River steaīnboat. This occupation proved more congenial to his taste, and afforded him ample opportunities to display his remarkable genius for sitting around; and he soon acquired a reputation for getting along easy where there was a great deal of work to be done, which so attracted the attention of his associates that they offered to set him up in the boot business, and even went so far as to supply him with small stocks of leather, which, to avoid the appearance of courting notoriety, they always delivered in his rear. After acquainting himself with the rudiments of potato peeling and dish washing, and mastering the art of a boss wood-sawyer, young Slaughter accepted the appointment

of third bootblack and assistant baggage-smasher. Here he displayed all his former talent, and gained much celebrity as a polisher. Believing effect to be heightened by contrast, he always left the heels untouched, and it was only by repeated entreaties that he could be induced to black them. Another distinguished characteristic of the boy was the preference he evinced for light trunks; but he was a modest young man, and entertained a very limited opinion of his own abilities, and was always willing to trust others to do the heavy jobs.

Hank made his mark early in life, and is still making it, and, although he never learned to write, he can read just as well from a book upside down as any other way.

Many a night has he sat around the kitchen, long after all the cooks were in bed, watching for an opportunity to sell a deck passenger a pan of grub, and make an extra quarter; and when he had secured sufficient capital to purchase a chuck-a-luck outfit, and was firmly established in business, he often referred to these early struggles with pride. And even after he got to be proprietor of a saloon, and owned seven steamboat bars, and had become famous as a prize-fighter, he was not ashamed of them.

I could fill a book with incidents of Mr. Slaughter's remarkable career; but enough has been given to point out to the young the road to fame and fortune, and to show them that if they expect to carry railroads in their pockets, and have charitable insti-

tutions named after them, and be elected to Congress, and have their names put in the newspapers every day, they will have to fight long and patiently for it.

Hank is now honored and respected by all, and is a deacon in the church, and makes speeches in the Sunday-school. He tells the boys how wrong it is to fight, and drink beer, and deal in watermelons, and swear, and stop out nights, and all that sort of thing, which has a good effect, because they look upon him as one of the old land-marks which are passing away, and whose like we shall never see again, for men ain't now what they used to be.



XVI.

THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

My boat, "The Bull of the Woods," which runs between the mouth of Duck Creek and the head of East Fork, has a world-wide reputation. She is fa-



MOUTH OF DUCK CREEK.

mous alike for her excellent table, great speed, and the urbanity of her officers. She is a great favorite with the press.

Tif Snifkins, editor of the *Scripville Weekly Chincapin*, was down recently, and spent an hour with us. Tif runs his paper on the high-pressure principle. Like Napoleon, he is a man of destiny,

and has a mission to fulfil, which, in his own language, is to "pluck from the vortex which threatens to engulf it, the American press, and set it again



upon healthy and progressive ground." "The press," says he, "should be bold and fearless in the denunciation of wrong, and never stoop to bestow undeserved plaudits for mere pay. Look," he con-

tinued, "at the *Scripville Weekly*; no money can buy its columns. When we say that the cars on the Scripville and Pumpkintown railroad are elegant, we mean it, and speak from conviction, having enjoyed them and ascertained for ourselves the truth of what we affirm. If the general passenger agent, in consideration of our position, chooses to send us a free pass over his road, it certainly does not detract anything from its merits."

"That's so," said I, "Tif, but come up and take something. Mr. Barkeeper, just open a bottle of your best *Heidsick*."

Pop went the cork, and into our glasses rushed the foaming liquid. "Ah!" said Tif, assuming the

air of a connoisseur, as he passed up his tumbler for a second filling, "that wine is good. I don't mean to puff it, I'm not in that business. I speak from a thorough knowledge of the subject, and only wish to accord it the merit which it justly deserves."

The bar-keeper smiled, and seemed to appreciate the compliment.

"When are you going out, Commodore?" said Tif, as we touched glasses for the third time.

"To-morrow evening. Just advertise us, and here's a twenty. Give us a good notice, Tif."

"That's business," said Tif, as he put the money in his vest pocket, and turned to inspect the general workmanship of the boat. He strolled down the cabin and returned to the hall, and stood for a moment as though lost in admiration in the contemplation of the elegance which surrounded him.

Turning to me, he said, "I'm surprised, Commodore, that I never noticed before the exquisite workmanship of this steamer's cabin. It is certainly a splendid affair."

"We have pretty good accommodations for passengers," said I.

"I should say you had," said Tif; "but, Commodore, I must go; the boys will be waiting for copy."

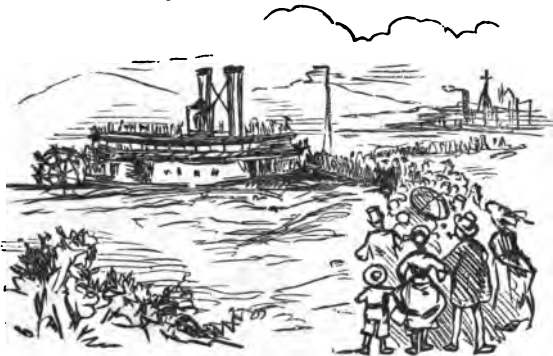
"Hold on, Tif," I said, "let's have another bottle of wine, first."

"Well," said Tif, "I don't care if I do."

We soon put ourselves outside of another quart,

when Tif, shaking hands with every one in reach, left for his office, stopping several times as he went up the bank, to turn an admiring glance behind.

This morning, before the tables were out of the cabin, or the beds in the state-rooms made up, the boat was thronged with people. A steady stream kept pouring on board until the engine-room was packed, the upper guards were jammed, and the hurricane roof was ready to break in with actual weight. They peeped into the pilot house and texas. They elbowed their way through the cabin, and, climbing upon the chairs, peeped into the state-rooms, then swayed on.



Still they came! the whole bank was lined with men, women, and children, anxiously awaiting their turns.

Few words were spoken. Occasionally some one would almost inaudibly remark, "She's gay, sure; they say she's awful fast too." "Oh, ain't she nice," said an old lady, as she sat down in a rush-bottom

chair (bottom rushed out of it) to rest a moment. The old lady was extricated by her friends, and passed on. Eleven o'clock came, and no cessation of the visitors. Si Wiggins, the mate, had left the boat in disgust, and retreated to Juggle's grocery, where he divided his time between indulging in an occasional dram, and wondering what caused the unusual turn-out.

Unable to account for it, he picked up the *Weekly Chincapin*, and sat down to read, when the first paragraph that met his gaze was the following:

"It is only the refined and cultivated taste that can appreciate a true work of art. The uneducated mind is too apt to be misled by the gewgaws of the present period, and pass unnoticed objects of far greater merit. It is the tinsel king which brings down the applause of



the pit, while the real monarch, robed in his simple garments, would pass over the stage unnoticed. If any argument were necessary to prove the truth of what we have affirmed, it is certainly furnished in the disinterested manner our citizens manifest toward that peerless river palace, 'Bull of the Woods.'

now moored at the landing. We have been cognizant of the existence of this elegant packet for some time, but never until yesterday were we fully aware of the extent of her excellence. It is true her beauty is not of that character calculated to attract at first sight. Her marvellous workmanship is only observed by close inspection, and her sumptuous accomodtions can never be fully appreciated until they have been enjoyed.

"We yesterday made an examination of this beautiful piece of marine architecture, in company with her courteous commander, Commodore Rollingpin, and must say, were agreeably disappointed



in finding her to be of such elegant appointment. Her long range of cabin (26 feet), and extensive promenades and great width of guards (18 inches), to say nothing of her unexceptionable table, render her a craft to be sought after by all who would enjoy an agreeable passage. Her state rooms do not partake of hotel dimensions (5½ ft. by 18

inches), yet there is a comfort even in their coziness

which has a homelike fascination almost irresistible. The refreshment department, under that '*bon vivant*,' Jake Spriggles, is a feature sufficient in itself to attract a cabin full of passengers; while the grace with which Mr. Oaks, her courteous clerk, registers names and puts away the green-backs, is only equalled by his urbanity and politeness at the table.

"But words fail to do justice to the subject, and we shrink from the task, with this advice to our citizens: Go, look for yourselves."

The mystery was solved—that puff did it all.

**FAST TIME OF THE "BULL OF THE WOODS" FROM MOUTH OF
DUCK CREEK TO THE HEAD OF EAST FORK.**

Left Mouth of Duck Creek in broad daylight:

| | H. | M. | S. |
|--|----|----|----|
| Passed Smith's wood yard..... | 7 | 12 | 31 |
| Passed yoke of oxen on Point..... | 9 | 23 | 41 |
| Passed raft bound south..... | 10 | 21 | 14 |
| Passed around drinks..... | 11 | 22 | 13 |
| Passed the blind, and afterward filled..... | 12 | 3 | 11 |
| Passed hail, by U. S. Marshal..... | 13 | 4 | 2 |
| Passed quarter in tumbler for having three called...15 | 7 | 12 | |
| Passed the Schiel chambermaid leading the dancing | 16 | 9 | 11 |
| Reached Jones' saw-mill..... | 17 | 3 | 9 |
| Reached for chap who won all the money..... | 18 | 4 | 2 |
| Passed him around lively..... | 00 | 00 | 00 |

Making the run from point to point in a manner creditable to all on board, and with perfect satisfaction to the barkeeper.

XVII.

ON FLAG PRESENTATIONS.

DEAR COLONEL:—Having learned that a new steamer has just been completed on the Ohio, and named “Commodore Rollingspin”—intending it as a compliment to myself—I wish to express my high appreciation of the honor conferred. Since myself and the madam commenced housekeeping, it has been our pleasure to name numerous “Rollingspins,” and, as an appreciative father, I have always felt it my duty to present each of them with a flag, and in

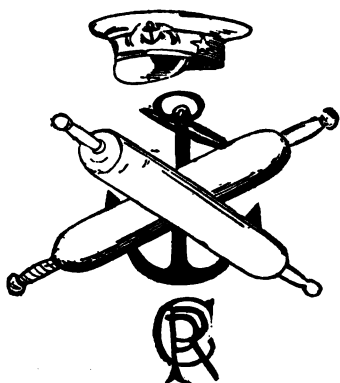


brisk seasons they have sometimes had a change. But among our sixteen boys we haven't a “Commodore.” When I have urged upon the old lady the

necessity of establishing a Jr., she has invariably put me off with the remark that "Its time enough yet," and named the young hopeful after some "other great man of the country." But she's sorry for it now. When she saw the one hundred yards of fine bunting leaving the house (which, by the way, Colonel, I send you for delivery), she burst into tears, and offered me a pick of the lot; but I couldn't compromise. Says I: "Woman, you're euchred, the linen must travel." Knowing, my dear Colonel, that you possessed great powers of eloquence, as well as a large share of that capacity which I have been curtailed of (two drinks makes me stagger), I beg of you to perform for me this delicate duty, and make the presentation speech. Put in your best licks, and work a full stroke.

Do the thing up, Colonel, in a manner worthy the extraordinary occasion, and don't forget to mention that the flag is valued (valued, remember,) at one hundred dollars.

When the trying moment arrives, should the sight of the beautiful banner fail to distil a sufficient quantity of the "divine afflatus" to set in motion your Ciceronian machinery, remember the Fourth of July, remember the American eagle, remember Bunker Hill, remember "Injiana," and still later, when the silver-necked artillery begin to belch forth their warlike cadences, could you manage to slip out unnoticed, a loaded "*fowling-piece*," you might remember—that my address is, Mouth of Duck Creek.



I cannot close this letter without appealing again to your patriotism. I would remind you that it was a flag which carried our forefathers successfully through the revolution (not Woodhull & Claf-
lin's), and inspired them to deeds of

valor when New England rum had failed ; and I do conscientiously believe, that should the British Lion confront this glorious emblem of liberty, as it waves defiantly from the jackstaff of the noble steamer (I mean the ferry-boat), it would at once lower its caudal appendage to an unhealthy equilibrium and slink into its hole.

The country's safe.

XVIII.

A PEACH CORNER.

DURING the early part of the season the market was active, with a disposition on the part of holders to hold over and not force sales.

Some early lots of choice clingstones were offered at three for five cents, but buyers, as a general thing, were cautious, and demanded four. As a consequence, there were few sales announced, and the bulk of the stock went over to the next day, when a lot of four dozen soft freestones arriving, the market broke down and many failures were reported.

The suspensions, however, were mostly of a temporary character, as nearly all of the stock held at the time was paid for.

Mrs. Murphy, who keeps the large concern at the corner of Fourth and Olive, was said to be the heaviest loser. She had fourteen five-cent piles on hand when the panic came, and was unable to realize anything but the stones. Fortunately, however, the lady had a son, a prominent news dealer, who went at once to her aid and saved her from bankruptcy. Noble boy!

Several new lots arrived, and an increased demand springing up, the market closed steady.

We quote early clings, with fuzz on, 3 for 5 cents.

Early clings, polished 2 for 5 cents.

Soft shell frees 2 for 5 cents.

Inferior naturals 4 for 5 cents.

For the latter grades there was little inquiry, and the sales were confined to parties of limited incomes who were purchasing mostly on borrowed capital, to meet the necessities of the hour.

XIX.

GENIUS AND TALENT.

THERE is a vast difference between genius and talent. Genius don't pay, but talent does. Genius is always creating something new, and never finishes it. Talent gets away with things that are already created, and that are finished. There are, however, exceptions to this rule. Incidents are on record where men of genius have made large fortunes simply by signing their names to pieces of paper.



TAKING A PLEDGE.

But they were persons of rare ability, whom it wouldn't be safe for even the wisest of us to imitate. Men should be careful how they sign pieces of paper, especially notes and checks. I got beat out of five thousand dollars once, simply by putting my

name on the back of one of them. I haven't signed anything since, not even the pledge. The old woman has been trying to persuade me to sign the pledge for several years, but I'm afraid to. I tell her it's a bad sign for an old man to sign the pledge. It deprives the rising generation of the benefit of his example.

XX.

A NIGHT SCENE.

'Twas midnight's solemn hour, and from the azure canopy above, the stars looked forth with all their pristine brightness. The glorious moon, full orb'd and manned, drove her bright car on airy wheels across the enchanted fields, and sought the horizon.

From forth my chamber window I viewed the scene, and strove to fall into a quiet sleep. But no, the fiends were at me! I felt them creeping from their hiding-places, and heard them marshalling their clans for an attack.

Seized with horror, I leaped from the bed and grasped a boot-jack, and slew thousands.

Oh, it was a bloody deed!

The wall and bed and all the scenery around were smeared with human gore.

Still, still I murdered. Oh! Oh!

The landlady heard the noise, rushed to my room, and implored me to desist.

"Away!" says I, "vile woman, base plebeian, let the war rage."

"Man, what is it thou fightest?" she exclaimed in a threatening manner.

"What is it!" said I, casting upon her a look of scorn. "What is it that transforms our hours of rest into waking butcheries—keeps busy the tensors of the arm, and makes us roll upon our beds like fever-stricken slaves? Answer thou this, woman, or, or—"

She threw her queenly head high in the air, and striking a tragic attitude, exclaimed, while her eyes flashed with triumph, "Bedbugs."

Says I, "Old gal, you're right."

XXI.

TO YOUNG WIVES.

HAVING assumed the high responsibility of marriage, it becomes your duty to support your husband in a manner suitable to his birth and education.

If he is of a social and convivial turn of mind, you will see that the cellar is kept well supplied with choice wines and liquors, and that his friends are always royally entertained.

Be careful and not shock his sensibilities by offering him spending money. This you can avoid by filling his purse during the night while he is asleep. He may not openly refer to these little attentions, but rest assured they will be appreciated.

Should he come home somewhat early in the morning from the club and other places of amusement, a little worse from press of business, sustain him with a wife's true devotion, and see that he is put comfortably to rest.

These suggestions are brief, yet they embrace all the cardinal points, and if practically carried out will save you the humilliation of ever being sued for a divorce.

XXII.

PHILOSOPHICAL CONCLUSIONS.

PUNCTUALITY is a noble trait. No man should suffer himself to be called twice to dinner.

The violet gives odor when trampled upon, but a snake will be pretty apt to give a bite if his head's free. The violet is the most praised, but the snake is the most respected.

Poets and philosophers of all ages have paid their tribute to the flowing bowl, but history does not record an instance where they paid it common re-

spect when it ceased to flow. Perhaps it was too dry for successful treatment.



A MAN OF ABILITY.

One of the greatest evils to which mankind are subject, is the justification of their own wickedness by the conduct of others. Millions have sunk into premature graves by imitating great men's vices without possessing their ability.

Human nature is the same in every age; education and refinement may polish and disarm it of grossness; but it is as easy to make a river run up hill as to change it. That spirit which incited Cain to murder has survived all progress; but the Caining business now, as in ancient times, is rarely undertaken unless the man is Abel.

The works of different authors may be compared to the million of faces a traveller meets with in a lifetime. No two persons have the same cast of features, yet they are all of the same material, and have a common origin.

Three parts of laziness and one of pride will make

a genuine hard-up. A man with these ingredients will always think himself the victim of misfortune, when, in fact, he is only the victim of his own depravity.

Charity is a noble principle, yet it should not be carried too far. It's the certainty that no one else will provide for it that induces the tumble-bug to put away its winter supplies.

Going on a spree is like starting a newspaper—you can open it up on a small capital, but it takes a pile to keep it going until you get it on a paying basis.

Total abstinence is the only safe policy for a young man to pursue. I commenced it when fifteen years of age, and have rarely tasted water since; but many of my early associates, who started in life under equally favorable circumstances, have fallen from grace and joined the Good Templars. However, flesh is weak, and we can only pity them, for a man who is such a fool as to pour cold water into his stomach, don't deserve a red nose; if he had one, it wouldn't stay with him.

The difference between a fool and a wise man is this: "The former is always looking for good times; the latter is always prepared for bad."

The moon always fills up once a month, but no one ever saw her so full she couldn't attend to business. The old lady never staggers.

Never undertake to borrow unless you have got

a sure thing. There's nothing so degrades a man in his own estimation as to be deprived of the pleasure of owing a fellow-being. I have known persons become so incensed at being refused the loan of fifty cents, that they went straight and hunted up a job.

There is not so much difference after all in men's judgment as there is in the amount of money they have got to back it with. In business a man's head is considered level as long as he can *put up*.

Don't be in a hurry to win distinction. A youth who surprises every one at twenty, will be apt to disgust them before he is thirty. Lasting fame is a plant of slow growth, and yields best when it matures late.

There is nothing so much sought after, and so little heeded, as advice.

Good jokes, like good liquors, improve by age—if not opened too often.

Fortune is, like water, a good thing to float on, but we should stay near the shore, or be well provided with life-preservers, if we would always keep on the surface.

Everything is for the best, had we the wisdom to see it. Even marriage is becoming a blessing, since divorces are obtained so cheap.

Those who would be distinguished in the world

should endeavor to soar upward. The firefly is only seen when it lifts its wings.

A contented mind is a blessing ; but a man who is content to spend his time loafing about the streets and living off others, will bear watching.

"Pay as you go" might have been a good maxim for our forefathers, but the fashion now is to get passes if possible.

Why is the moon like a man hard up ? Because it often gets down to its last quarter.

Some men's only stock in trade is their misfortunes. These they are always trying to force upon the market, but they rarely find a purchaser. It's not what cards you've played, but what you still hold, that makes the game interesting.

Some men, like the animals in the menagerie, never manifest any energy, unless continually stirred up



THE MOON GETTING HIGH.

with a long pole. Ladies having

husbands afflicted this way, will find a sharp stick to answer all purposes.

All that we have of wealth, all that we have of art, all that we have of culture, is the result of labor. Therefore, no man should be afraid of work—even if he has to employ some one else to do it.

Merit does not always guarantee success, nor defend its possessors from ridicule. Genius, like a style of dress, must become popular before it is generally adopted.

In searching for water, use a forked stick; but when you look for whiskey, take a straw. A stick will not bend for liquor, but I never knew a straw to fail.

The man who is always wanting some one to recommend him for a situation in a community where he has been raised, will hazard nothing by emigration. There's no money in being acquainted on such conditions.

There are persons who waste more time in looking for free drinks than would be required to honestly earn a wholesale liquor store.

All efforts having failed, since the days of Adam, to build up another Eden, our learned *savans* are busying themselves in trying to discover the sight of the old one.

XXIII.

IN THE EDITORIAL CHAIR.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

"GAY and Festive" writes :

"DEAR ROLLINGPIN."—(Familiar, indeed ; but I suppose he thinks himself a boy after my own heart.)—"I am an honest and industrious young man, and try to make both ends meet, but I can't do it. Can you inform me how to make both ends meet?"

In order to make both ends meet, there must be a meeting of both ends. The meeting should be the result of methodical calculation, and not "by chance." "They met by chance, the usual way," had a big run in its day ; but it hasn't been doing a paying business of late years. The old lady and myself found it difficult, for the first twenty years of our married life, to make both ends meet ; but they've been lapping over right smart since I struck the literary business. You may strike something after a while, but it will hardly be oil, unless you commence boring.

"Zeke Posey," of Elk's Ford, asks :

"MY DEAR COMMODORE ROLLINGPIN:—Will you oblige many admirers in this 'ere settlement by stating in your next paper which side you fit on during the late little misunderstanding?"

Being a Yeast-ern man—all of my ancestors were bakers—I joined the army at the first *roll-call*, and continued to furnish them, red-hot, to those who had money, regularly three times a day. I enlisted for the war, and went through it with great distinction, and have no hesitancy in saying, "The colored troops fought nobly;" the Confederate troops fought nobly, and the Yankees—well, yes, I baked rolls and pies too. It was a labor of love, baking pies was, especially after pay day. The last pies I baked was at Atlanta, the day of the surrender. I had just got out a fine batch, and was selling them briskly, when a Lincoln hireling entered my shop and asked me how I sold them pies. I told him ten cents apiece. He said he would take one, and, paying me for it, took it up and bit it. Says he, "Stranger, that's rather steep for a pie of this size." Says I, "Lard's high." He continued to pull and chaw at the delicacy for about half an hour, and then laid it on the counter, and said in a despondent tone, "What's lard selling at?" Says I, "Twenty cents a pound." "Oh," says he, "I should judge it was worth a dollar a pound by the taste of that pie." The war was ended then. I would have given half I was worth to have had it prolonged a few more battles. But it wasn't, and the man still lives to insult patriotic American citizens. My pies now are short. Haven't had any for some time. Good pies and fresh buttermilk taken in exchange for my paper.

"Country Editor" asks:

"Would you be so kind as to give me your opinion of the press of the present day?"

The press is a power in the land. It is the great medium through which men and even nations converse. For, when millions are to be addressed in a single day, speech fails utterly. Even my own voice (which you will pardon me for reminding you, has been more than ordinarily praised by the public for its power of compass and sweetness, especially when in the presence of ladies) has failed to meet the demands of the American people, and I have been obliged to resort to printer's ink. My paper is five cents a copy, sent postage paid. I am not one of those that believe the press can be muzzled. The military tried that during the late unpleasantness, but without effect; for, in spite of all their orders, the boys pressed everything they came across. No! Americans must be free, and the press is to them a sacred institution.

"Fast Young Man" writes:

"I've been on a terrible bum for the last year, and have been going down hill until I'm nothing but a wreck. Will you please to advise me what course to pursue, that I may get up in the world again?"

Send for R. W. Dugan, the famous Mississippi wrecker. Reese will fetch you up if there's any hope for you. He's death on wrecks, and can raise anything that he can make fast to. He raised me

—seventy-five dollars this year; but I'll try and stand it. I liked Reese last year, when his card occupied one quarter of a column in my paper; but, when this year he made it a column, says I to myself, "R. W. Dugan is my first choice for the Presidency." Yes, you had better see Reese. If you're young, he'll raise you, and bring you up the way you ought to go; and if you're old and need wrecking, he'll wreck you and make money on the job, too.

"Literati" says:

"In reading the lives of eminent literary men, I have been surprised to see the amount of infelicity existing between themselves and wives. As I am preparing a work on this subject, would you be so kind as to furnish me with a brief sketch of your own experience? If it would not be trespassing upon the privacy of your domestic affairs, please inform me, 'Does your wife appreciate your genius?'"

Yes, the old lady likes my pieces—particularly my short ones. The shorter they are the better she likes them. I went to read an article to her recently, but, before allowing me to proceed, she asked how long it was. Says I, "Four lines." She seemed delighted, and said, "Go on, I'll try and keep awake." Mrs. Rollingspin is a lady of fine literary ability. She frequently writes for the press, and her compositions are very extensively copied. Her last effusion was published in "Tif Snipkin's Scripville Weekly," and created a sensation on Duck

Creek. It was brief and to the point, abounding in pathos, and showing great powers of imagination. I insert it here as a literary curiosity.

“Mouth ov Duck Crick, Juli 20onst, 1873.

Too the editur ov the weak-le :

dear sur—Mi man, thet tarnal old rolinpin, hez left mi bed and bord, an bin gon now wel ni onto two weaks. i rekon he’s onto unother ov them ar spreze ov hiz. I warne everebody from trustin’ him, ez i wont pay hiz bills nara time. bi givin’ this ere publik-ation yu wil mnch oblege,

yures truli. JERUSA ROLINPIN.”

SOLDIER.—You may have eaten gingerbread of the Rollingpin brand—for few who have followed the Northern army have not. It was famous from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, and although I confess that I was ‘raised’ to my present title from my brilliant success in *yeast*, yet I claim that no mercenary motive prompted the action. I never shall forget the day of my promotion. It was at Pittsburg Landing; the rebels had pressed our army hard, and all seemed to be lost. My bakery stood on the banks of the classic Tennessee, piled full of the most excellent pies and gingerbread, and a reasonable amount of good liquor, which I had been thoughtful enough to provide for the poor famished soldiers. A fourteen-barrel batch of bread was fomenting in the trough; in one half hour it would be ready to mix, and in less time it seemed the rebels would be upon us. I trembled

with rage. A double duty lay before me. My patriotism called me to the front, but my duty to the army admonished me to stand by the bread, and here the



beauty of early training and piety manifested itself in all its natural purity, and duty triumphed over all. Grant, in the meantime, had crossed the river, with reinforcements, and charged bravely on the foe, but was forced to retreat. But he slowly fell back on my bakery, and there found the means of effectual defence. Acres of Washington pies had been baked up awaiting the appetites of the famished soldiers. The General's quick eye saw their utility as a means of defence, and ordered the soldiers to make breastworks of them. They proved impregnable to the 'rebel bullets,' and the army was saved. General Grant, in consideration of the great services I had rendered the country, at once promoted me to the rank I now hold, and I for one can say that Republics are not ungrateful.

YOUNG PILOT.—In warm and pleasant weather the heaving of the lead may be dispensed with, but in winter, when the line freezes on being drawn from the water, you will find it an imperative necessity.

In making your crossings, be sure and get your stern on the historical bunch of timber. It's better to ground the boat by following established rules than to get her over bars by any ideas of your own. A boat stuck with her bow and stern on the proper landmarks, never fails to give satisfaction.

When a new obstruction is discovered, remember that your reputation depends upon your hitting it the first time you come along. I have known some very old and experienced pilots to sink three boats on the same snag, but they were close steerers. You will hardly be expected to do this well; yet, by strict attention to your duties, there is no reason why you should not furnish a reasonable amount of business to the dock companies.

In rounding to, you will find it much easier to handle the bell ropes than the wheel. Besides, your duties as pilot cease from the time the whistle blows for a landing. The captain and engineer handle the boat after that.

In meeting a boat coming from the opposite direction, don't undertake to pass between her chimneys. This might show fine steering, but it's dangerous.

When the fog gets so thick that you can't see the jackstaff, hunt the biggest tree you can find.

Jackstaffs are not to be trusted out of the pilot's sight. They are blind enough in the dark, but in the fog have often been known to mistake a corn-field for the Mississippi river.

ENGINEER.—Robt. Fulton, the inventor of the steamboat, died a natural death, in 1815. He was not blown up by his invention, but has often been blown up for it since. Franklin's philosophy differed from Fulton's, inasmuch as the former drew his lightning from the clouds, while the latter manufactured his on the spot. The inventions of both now link America to Continental Europe, but Fulton kept on boiling water till he spent his last dollar, and died not worth a continental red.

STEAMBOAT CLERK.—To ascertain what is due a fireman, or roustabout, multiply the number of days he has been on the boat by one of the bar-keeper's checks. This rule never fails to come within three drinks of the amount of his wages, which can easily be taken on the spot, and accounts squared, passing his money to the barkeeper.

DISGUSTED ENGINEER.—Don't be discouraged at trifles. It's better to fail a dozen times before than once after success. Napoleon found this out. Besides, prosperity never sends couriers ahead to herald her advance, but comes like a thunder-storm, without giving us time to spread our tarpaulins. Remember Byron went to bed drunk and woke up famous, and some of these cold mornings you may find yourself appointed to a strikership.

DAD D.—The high water was in 1844. The same year was also noted for its high boatmen. The race between the R. E. Lee and Natchez took place in 1870. Their time is the best ever made on the Mississippi, but has often been beaten by boatmen on shore. It is not known who struck Billy Patterson.

BARNEY MC.—Columbus did not discover America by looking through the bottom of a tumbler yet by close application to business you may find a new country by that process.

CLEM N.—John Smith was born three thousand two hundred and forty-nine years and fifty-two seconds posterior to Homer. The former was blind, and the latter didn't cut his eye-teeth until he was old.

STUDENT.—I never bother myself about the ancients. I don't know much about them, and I am satisfied they knew less about me.

DECK-SWEEPER.—Keep your *decks* clean and attend to business, and play your cards so as to take your share of the tricks, and you will always quit the game winner.

If in brushing up you should run across a well-loaded pocket-book, make a clean sweep of it.

Never sauce a deck hand, especially at meal time, without first ascertaining how he ranks on the muscle question, as in doing so you might endanger the

peace of the boat, and run the risk of having your soup upset.

Your profession is not without its illustrious examples. Abe Lincoln was a deck-sweeper in his youth, and had charge of a sweep on a Mississippi flat-boat, while an inherent modesty counsels silence in another instance which might be pointed to with equal pride.

By observing these suggestions you will be enabled to glide smoothly along with the boat, and get out of the business all there is in it.

A youth who begins life when born, as deck-sweeper, and does not rise to be captain of the star-board watch by the time he is sixty, does not deserve a monument.

CHAMBER-MAID.—In order to play a successful star engagement at this profession, it is necessary to be young and good-looking. Age does not lend any dignity to this business.

Some women are born chamber-maids, others have it thrust upon them, while a third class, it is evident, go into the business through sheer meanness, and vent their wrath upon mankind by ironing off all their buttons.

To this office there are three grades: the washer-woman, second chamber-maid, and chamber-maid-in-chief. I have known them to even rise higher in cases of explosion.

Some chamber-maids rank well, and examples are common where they outrank everybody on the boat.

To young ladies desirous of studying for the river, I would say, be cautious. Remember that none of his class ever yet went to Congress. It ain't in the pins. It was this job the poet meant when he wote:

"May distance lend enchantment to the view."

JOHN.—The steamboat roustabout has a noble calling. He earns his bread by the sweat of his brow. Many of the Greeks were roustabouts, and made themselves famous by sacking Troy. They didn't, however, carry four-bushel bags. These are a modern invention. As a field for the prosecution of knowledge, the roustabout has no equal. He knows more about the length of the days and nights than any college professor in the land. There is not an hour in the twenty-four that he isn't called upon to make observations. He does not mix in politics, and was never known to run for President. He does all his running for saloons. In his character he is simple and unostentatious, shunning society, and never putting up at first-class hotels, and his visits to the levees are merely of a business character. He loves freedom, and generally takes a hand in all the free fights. To what age the roustabout lives can not be definitely stated, as I never knew one to have a funeral.

ROLLINGPIN'S TRAVELS.

XXIV.

CHAPTER I.

**A Prospective View of the Mississippi River in the Year 2000—
The City of St. Paul—A Mammoth Boat and her Great Speed
—A Description of the Country through which she passes,
etc., etc.**



**"I HAD A DREAM WHICH WAS
NOT ALL A DREAM."**

It was just nine o'clock in the morning, on a beautiful day in June, when the "American Empire," one of the trans-continental line of packets, left the St. Paul's docks for Liverpool. The atmosphere was clear, and from the hurricane roof of the boat I had an excellent view of the city,

which we were nearly twenty minutes in passing, as it extends southward from the landing some fifteen

miles. I could not help thinking, as I watched the tall spires fade in the distance, and saw the beautiful palaces loom up on either side of the great inland sea, how much we are indebted to science for every step we have made in progress ; for what here would seem, to one unacquainted with history, to be the work of nature, cost our government a million dollars a mile. And yet, I venture to say, that no sum could tempt the country to return to "first principles," and dispense with any of our improved water routes.

In nothing are our country's achievements of the last hundred years more fully set forth than in her improvements in river navigation.



THE OLD AND THE NEW.

Contrast this elegant craft with the steamers of a hundred years ago, and this fact becomes apparent. But those were the days of bridges, and before our government had learned to appreciate the importance of her rivers, and the almost instantaneous transit effected by electricity. I wonder what those

old "sand-bar" boatmen would think should they be permitted to take a peep from their graves, which have been visited by the snows and verdure of a century, at the condition of things now. Would they not be surprised to see an uniform depth of twenty feet of water from the Falls of St. Anthony to the Gulf, with not a single obstruction above St. Louis, and this palace, eight hundred feet in length, and travelling with ease at a speed of fifty miles an hour? They little thought, when they used to petition legislatures to make the bridge-spans wider and the superstructure higher, that the day would come when not one stone would be left upon another, and that the "iron horse" would be rushing through tunnels beneath the river unseen and unheard.



COMMODORE LEARNS KEOKUK HAS
8,000,000 INHABITANTS.

During the day, we passed through several beautiful lakes, which were dotted with innumerable sailboats, freighted with pleasure-seekers, whose merry voices added enchantment to a scene of unusual attraction. The air was redolent with balsamic perfume, wafted upon the

waters from innumerable gardens, and as the vessel

dashed onward new beauties arose with every angle that she made.

It was dark when we landed at Dubuque, a small place of eight hundred thousand population, where we remained only a few moments—pushing on and arriving at Keokuk about midnight. The evening being pleasant, nearly every one remained up until quite late, enjoying the cool breeze and viewing the scenery, which was quite monotonous, however, consisting of numerous lighthouses and two continuous rows of lights along either bank, beaming from the windows of farm-houses, villages, and cities.

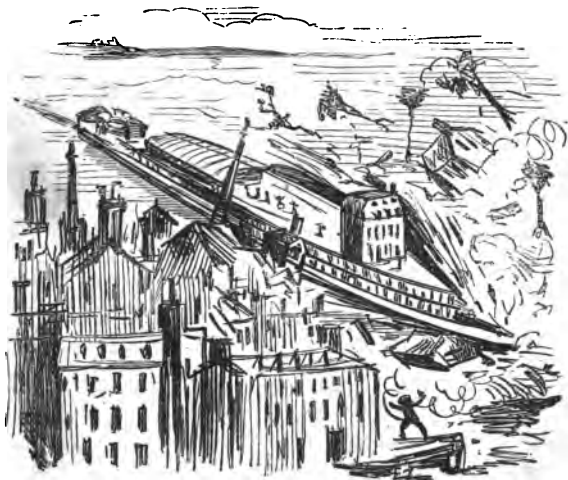
Keokuk has improved wonderfully in the last few years, and now numbers nearly a million souls. It was formerly called the "Gate City," but the government having removed the gate, I suppose it lays no great claims to that cognomen now. The trip from Keokuk to St. Louis was made in something over four hours.

In conversation with a gentleman, who took passage here, I learned that the city contained eight millions inhabitants and was rapidly improving.

CHAPTER II.

The Trip continued—The Boat passes over Numerous Tunnels—A Densely Populated Country—Cape Girardeau—Its Population and Industries—The Boat takes a Sheer and severs Cairo from the Mainland, and sends it abrift—Great Excitement—The City is caught and towed back—The “American Empire” in the Hands of the Sheriff, etc., etc.

Two tunnels pass under the river at Carondelet, one at Ste. Genevieve, one at Chester, another at Grand Tower, and two between there and the mouth of the Ohio River. One of the finest small towns on the river is Cape Girardeau, which contains three hundred thousand inhabitants, who are



THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL.

principally Germans, and the amount of Bologna

sausage, pretzels, and Schweitzer-kase that this place exports is tremendous. I took on two thousand tons, but it could not be missed from the pile on the levee awaiting shipment. Pushing out from there the boat made splendid time, but just as she had reached that narrow neck of land which divides the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, about seven miles above their confluence, she took a sheer on the pilot, and went through before her headway could be checked, cutting off Cairo entirely from the mainland, and sending it adrift down with the current. As soon as the disaster was discovered the town was wild with excitement. Bells were rung and whistles blown, and the mayor dispatched messengers to the different pumps, with orders for them to get ready for action at once. In the meantime a hurried meeting was held by the citizens, and it was decided to either effect a landing or beach the town on the first island. Lines were got out with the assistance of the tugs and boats, but they proved useless, and the frenzy of the people increased until it knew no bounds. Many wanted to sell out, and offered their property at a great sacrifice. Others were seen launching boats and putting their families in them, with a view of escaping to the mainland.

It was found, after a rough estimate had been made, that there was about twelve months' provisions in the city, but the supply of coal was not sufficient to keep the pumps going for over thirty days. William Halliday (a great grandson of the founder of that house), who occupied the chair, said that he was

one of the largest sufferers, as the catastrophe had entirely cut him off from his vast coal fields, and destroyed all his business connections with the outer world; but, as his only hope lay in getting the city towed back to its former position, he would give one million dollars toward getting the job done. John H. Oberly, proprietor of the "Bulletin," lineally sprung from the great politician and founder of that paper, and who was one of Cairo's first mayors, remarked that his means were rather limited, but that he would gladly part with half of his fortune to get back to the old stand, for he had faith in its future, and believed, with his ancestors, that it was a good place for a city. But he said it was necessary for them to act at once, as in their present condition they were cut off from all telegraph facilities, and had not even an exchange to clip from, and who—but here he burst into tears and sat down. Patriotic speeches were made by the Williamsons, the Saffords, the Millers, the Wilcoxes, the Harrolds, the Johnsons, and other wealthy men present, and upon the Secretary counting the subscriptions it was found that \$72,000,000 had been raised. A committee was appointed to procure 200 tugs, of 10,000 horse-power each, to tow the city back. This was soon accomplished, as all the arrivals from above and below, since the accident happened, had come alongside for the purpose of tendering assistance. Chains and lines were made fast, and the work began. The first two minutes were spent in checking Cairo's headway, for it was floating fully four

miles an hour ; but once checked, it soon started back, and in three hours was safely moored in its old quarters above "Bacon Rock." The people were so exasperated at what they called the recklessness of our pilot that, in spite of all my entreaties, they hanged him on the spot,

HIGH LIFE AT CAIRO.

and left his body dangling between the chimneys. It was very fortunate that the collision took place where it did. Had we struck the town a little lower down, and below instead of above the upper cross-levee, or water-tight compartment, the loss of life would have been tremendous, as Cairo contains over a million souls.



OUR PILOT GETS A LIFT.

As soon as order had been restored, we began to get ready to resume our trip South, but before we could get in our lines, Mr. Staats Taylor—a descendant of the able financier and early settler of that name—came on board with a United States marshal,—and had the "American Empire" tied up for running into the city.

CHAPTER III.

A Description of Cairo—Its Baptismal Facilities—Its Levees and their Defenders—The Last Battle with the Floods—Relics of the Contest still visible—The Author is shown through the City, and is delighted with the Scenery—His Affection for the Place, etc., etc.

It was noon the next day before I could effect a settlement and get the boat released.

Pending the negotiation, I availed myself of an opportunity offered by a prominent official, and took a drive through the "Delta City," as Cairo is called, and had an excellent opportunity of examining the peculiar plan upon which it is laid out.



CAIRO, FROM ORIGINAL SKETCH BY COM. ROLLINGPIN.

Cairo is one of the most retired and isolated spots on the face of the earth. It is built in a basin or valley, the outlines of which rise to such an elevation that should you draw a straight-edge across it, after the manner of measuring wheat, it would strike off nothing but the pinnacles of a few church spires. But it is a beautiful city, nevertheless. The streets

are wide and the buildings very imposing, while the society is cultivated and refined—in fact, the very opposite of what Dickens found it a hundred and sixty years ago. As a place of residence the town is not excelled the world over. A man may step from his front door and regale himself among the shrubbery and flowers, and, when weary of inhaling their odors, withdraw to the rear to find his sail-boat in waiting. Naples and Como ain't "queen high," when you come to talk of lakes, grottos, and romantic scenery. Why, there is a touch of romance here about everything, even to the churches; for, during a certain period of the year, a clear, sparkling Jordan backs up to their very doors, and no man need wear his sins for the want of baptismal facilities to wash them away. Should you raise your eyes to an angle of forty-five degrees, they will rest on vast fleets of boats and ships, whose tall masts and chimneys seem to almost "break the still abode of stars." They are receiving and discharging cargoes, and look as though they navigated the air, and were resting on the brow of some huge mountain previous to continuing their voyage. This quiet retreat is surrounded by an ocean of water, which presses on all sides with a force almost irresistible, yet the inhabitants manifest no concern, and evidently feel as safe as though their city was built upon a rock, and a Gibraltar at that. These people have a faith in their earth-works which nothing can shake. You may scoff at their most cherished institutions, and ridicule them in every possible manner, and they will bear it in silent con-

tempt; but say a word against their levee and they are up in arms at once. This institution is sacred to a Cairoite. It was bequeathed to them by the great Taylor, whose memory they will never cease to venerate. I asked my cicerone where this distinguished person was buried, and he answered, at "Villa Ridge," and, pointing to the frowning redan, continued, "but there's his monument."

During the flood, one winter, when the whole valley was inundated and the water actually rose six inches above the highest point of ground—when the entire male population seized their shovels and rushed to the defence of their homes and fought their enemy, night and day, for three weeks, they were never for a moment doubtful of victory. And even when the wind rose, and the waves beat over



RELICS.

the temporary works they had erected, and the spray went drifting into the town, and things looked scaly enough to outsiders, the old residents were anxious to put up their last dollar "that she'd stand it." So she did. It was a grand view to witness that noble army of defenders fighting the Father of Waters, while their wives and

daughters passed back and forth with rations—for the men had to sleep on their shovels. But when it was announced that the enemy was in full retreat, you should have heard the shout that went up. All the yelling that was ever done during the great civil war from 1861-5, by the two armies when going into battle to shed fraternal blood, couldn't hold a candle to it. The cheer started near the point, and went round and round that thirty-mile circle of breastworks faster and faster, until it seemed like some great wheel that had run off and could not be stopped. Numerous relics of that awful campaign are still to be seen scattered about, such as broken spades and whiskey barrels. Let the man who writes this people's history do them justice; let him picture their struggles, their faith, their undaunted courage, and their final triumph; let him show how, from a pestilential marsh, whence the deadly vapors once went stealing out upon the water, infecting all they enveloped, was reared this grand metropolis, which, thank Heaven, is now being "dovetailed into the southern portion of Illinois so firmly that no boat, of whatever size or capacity, can



MY GRANDFATHER ATTENDS COURT.

ever send it adrift again. I have a kind of an affection for Cairo—which, perhaps, is all natural enough—for my great-grandfather once resided there, and, I believe, owned a few corner lots, which it would be useless for me to endeavor to find now, as they are forever sandwiched between China and somebody else's property. You see, a man that bought here in early times only got what the Irishman called the "hole to build the cannon round." But my great-grandfather was a very prominent citizen, and was frequently honored with a seat on the jury, which he as often declined, saying that there were others more deserving and better qualified to fill that important trust, though it seems the people thought otherwise, for he was waited upon by a deputy and taken from his shop, like Cincinnatus from the plow, and compelled to serve.

I suppose I would have been born in Cairo had not a reverse of fortune made it necessary for my ancestor to change his base and move away. He left rather suddenly, and but few men were ever more regretted or held in dearer remembrance. He owed about \$2,000.

CHAPTER IV.

The Country surrounding Cairo—More Tunnels—Getting ready to continue the Voyage—An Important Dénouement which resulted in some Tall Running—Description of the Race—Betting on the Result—Frightening Fowls and cutting up Fish—Safe arrival at Memphis, and Presentation to the Author of the Champion's "Horns."

THE country surrounding Cairo is very thickly settled, and shows a high state of cultivation. To the south-west the land is flat and the scenery rather monotonous, but the eastern view, with its terraced elevations, dotted with innumerable fine dwellings, is one of imposing grandeur. Four railroad tunnels pass beneath the waters—two under the Mississippi, and two under the Ohio. These, with the immense fleets of vessels, boats, and barges, are quite sufficient to meet all the demands of trade.

As we were getting ready to leave Cairo a train came in from the East, bringing several hundred excursionists *en route* to Memphis. They had intended to go through in the cars, but seeing our fine boat, they sent on an agent to engage passage. Upon learning this, the conductor of the train became very much excited, and remarked that if they wanted to reach their destination in any reasonable time, they had better remain where they were. When the remark came to my ears, I replied I would agree to take them through as quick as the cars, or charge them no fare.

"That's impossible," said the railroad agent.

"Not at all," confidently said I.

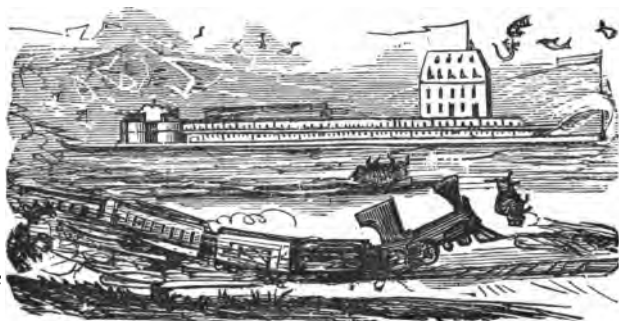
"You don't mean to say that your boat can run with a railroad train?" asked the agent, with amazement.

"I do," I replied.

"Do you want to bet anything on that?"

"Not a cent any further than what I have already at stake, which is to put those people now coming on board in Memphis before you get there, or charge them no fare."

In a few moments all were on board, and we backed out. I requested every one to go below, at the same time telling the pilot and engineer what



"TO SAY THERE WAS SOME TALL RUNNING DONE WOULD BE DRAWING IT EXTREMELY MILD."

my agreement was with the passengers. As we straightened down opposite the lower end of the city, the cars came dashing out of the mouth of the tunnel on the Kentucky shore, and by the time we got fairly under way, the boat and train were side

by side, and it was just noon. To say that there was some tall running done would be drawing it extremely mild. Several flocks of wild geese and ducks, that we came suddenly upon, rose from the water and endeavored to fly ahead of us, but we passed them so fast that they looked as though they were going in the opposite direction, and doubtless they thought they were, for they filled the air with their screams, and became so demoralized that they turned somersaults and performed all sorts of aerial antics. Hundreds dropped into the water, and the feathered hosts did not get sorted over and recover their equilibrium until they had made several good dives into the river.

The number of catfish and buffalo that the boat cut in two must have been frightful, as a few hours after our arrival at Memphis the water was covered with skiffs gathering up the carcasses. Some were severed crosswise, and others split from head to tail, as though prepared for broiling. Numerous hard-shell turtles were picked up in halves, showing that they fared no better than the scaly tribes.

For the first two hours it was "nip" and "tuck" as to which would win; and a gentleman who witnessed us pass Osceola, and who came down on the evening train, said he could distinguish nothing but two blue streaks behind us. At Randolph we were fully a length in the lead, and were gaining steadily, though the old iron horse had got down to his work handsomely. His wheels were going so fast that they were invisible, and the buzzing sound which

they produced told that he was on business. All the windows in the train were bolted down, and the conductor, after giving orders to the passengers to hold on to the seats, lashed himself to one of the stove fastenings and hallooed to the engineer to "turn her loose." The inmates of those cars looked like a corps of bareback circus riders on their last round, when the clown, ringmaster, and all the supes are urging the nag up to his highest speed, for they maintained almost a horizontal position, and held on entirely by their hands. But it was no



RAILROAD PASSENGERS ENJOYING THE RACE.

use; we arrived at Memphis fully a quarter of a mile ahead, just three hours and forty-three minutes out from Cairo. Our boat came out of the contest unscathed, further than losing overboard the pilot's wig, which occurred before her wheels had made three revolutions.

During the run I remained beneath the hatches, and had no other view of what was going on than that afforded through the portholes, for it would

have been certain death to have ventured on deck. The excitement among the passengers in the cabin was intense. Hundreds of thousands of dollars were offered that the "American Empire" would win, but there were no takers.

About an hour after we had landed here, a committee came on board, and after an ancient custom established over a century ago, when boats were run by steam, presented me with the "horns," which they said I was entitled to as the "Champion of the Mississippi." These are the famous antlers once worn by John W. Cannon and Thomas P. Leathers,



THE WEIGHT OF GLORY "IN A HORN."

and judging from their size—thirty-two feet between the tips—those old heroes must have been giants. I received the gift with becoming modesty, and told the committee I would endeavor to make myself equal to the situation, but I rather doubt my ability to fill the bill, for you know we are not so stout now as men were in the good old times.

CHAPTER V.

A Description of Memphis—Its Population and their Peculiarities—Their Games and Festivals—The Author and a Number of his Passengers take in the City, and some of them in turn are taken in—The Author makes the Acquaintance of one of the Mackerel Brigade—He visits the Theatre in the Evening, and sees Hamlet played double—Meets with an Accident—Voyage continued, and Safe Arrival of the Boat at New Orleans.

MEMPHIS is situated on a bluff, and is known as the "Bluff City," which "soubriquet," however, is not typical of the character or habits of the people, as they generally play a cautious game, and much prefer faro. Memphis has a population of one million, five hundred thousand of whom belong to the Common Council and Board of Aldermen, and the balance fill the other offices and conduct the commercial affairs of the city. For the first fifty years of its existence the town languished, but some enterprising individual having discovered the great benefits which New Orleans derived from her *Mardi Gras* festival, managed to have it introduced there, since which time the place has improved rapidly. These annual revels have been known to draw as many as a million visitors, who never ceased drinking King Momus' health until they have emptied their clothes of all loose change.

One of the largest sewers in the world passes under the centre of the city. It was formerly known as Wolf River, and sent forth such a superabundant supply of malaria that the municipal

fathers made up their minds to sue-her ! (This joke was new a hundred years or so ago.)

We had a fine time in Memphis, and were very hospitably entertained ; saw all the sights, and brought away (in a fluid state) all we could carry of them.

Opposite the upper portion of the city we were shown the famous "Paddy's Hen and Chickens" I asked a little boy, who was neatly dressed and had his hair curled, and looked as though he be-



A MEMBER OF THE MACKEREL BRIGADE.

longed to a Sunday-school class, "How long the old (hic) hen had been set (hic) tin'?"

Says he, "Git out old man ; that's an island."

"It's no use," despondently remarked my friend, "to expect a civil (hic) answer from them Memphis bo-boys ; they're all on it ; they all be (hic) long to th-th-the 'Mack'rel Brigade.'"

By evening our party had imbibed so much hospitality that they were scattered all over town, and about a dozen of them were so anxious that nothing should escape their observation that they actually broke into the station-house, and refused to come out until next morning. They made things all right with the authorities, however, and paid them handsomely for the damage.

In company with my friend I visited the grand opera house and saw Hamlet played double—that is, two troupes were performing the piece at the same time. I saw two Hamlets distinctly. My friend said there was three. This style of acting being new to me, I inquired of the usher the reason for it.

He looked at me and smiled, but made no reply. At the end of the first act, myself and friend went out to get some refreshments. When we came back we found that another Hamlet had been added. The stage, too, had been enlarged until it took in about ten acres, and it was chuck full of kings, and queens, and Ophelias. I asked my friend how he liked the play. He said, "Spl-en-did, but there's m-o-s-t too (hic) many o-of 'em." I was about to reply that we were getting the worth of our money, when the house gave a lurch. One of the benches flew up and struck me over the left eye and knocked

me senseless. When I came to the next morning I found my head wrapped in wet towels and my



HAMLET AT MEMPHIS — "ALAS! POOR YOR (HIC)."

friends administering frequent doses of seltzer-water. It was several hours before I was able to sit up, and when I did go on deck we were just landing at Vicksburg, which is a city of about the same size as Memphis, but stands on a still higher eminence.

We received a very cordial reception at Vicksburg, and those who pretend to know say that no such ovation has been witnessed there since the Grand Duke Alexis passed down, one hundred and thirty

years ago. I inquired after the health of that historic tree beneath whose branches Grant and Pem-



berton talked over the "surrender," and was informed that it was still flourishing. Our run from Vicksburg to New Orleans was made in eight hours. The scenery lacks variety, resembling a continuous city, somewhat obscured by the towering levees.

New Orleans has a population of four millions, and is one of the most beautiful places in the United States.

XXV.

THE DALZELL'S CREW.

It was dull times in Scripville. Duck Creek was frozen over, and completely obscured by the snow-drifts. There were no signs of navigation, no appearance of water, nor were there visible the faintest outlines of the stream that had so often startled

the inhabitants of the bottom with its floods. Three months of winter—the coldest, as 'Squire Frazier had already affirmed in a communication to Tiff Sniffikins' Weekly, "that he'd seed for fifty years"—had done its work effectually. Between the two ridges which stretched northward above the town there was a noticeable hollow, curving gently to the right until lost among the distant hills, but it bore no dissimilarity to the hundred views which the



DUCK CREEK MAKES A SPREAD.

broken country afforded, and even the experienced eye of Si Wiggins, the veteran mate, failed to detect his most familiar landmarks, so completely was everything "snowed in." The tall poplars in the

background, as well as the less pretentious apple trees scattered throughout the town, were as white as the earth's covering, and the piercing wind, as it blew direct from the North, seemed less pure than the spotless scene over which it passed. "I tell yer, Captain," said Si Wiggins—addressing the commander of the *Dalzell*, the Scripville and East Fork packet, which was resting very uncomfortably on the ice-gorge in the harbor—"I tell yer, Captain, it's rough. Three months with no water in the creek, and then four when she's frozen solid, is more nor a chap kin stand."



MR. JUGGLES.

"It's hard, sir," replied the Captain, and the two moved towards Tim Juggles' grocery as though by intuition, for neither spoke until they had assumed an easy position in front of the bar, and the familiar decanter and two tumblers stood between them. The captain was first to fill his glass. Si Wiggins did likewise, remarking, while he raised it to his lips, that as he

"had no trumps, he'd have to foller suit."

The liquor seemed to revive their spirits, and they

sat down on one of the wooden benches in front of the dilapidated stove, and began talking of the weather, the prospects of a break-up in the creek, the condition of the boat, and other topics which the calling of a boatman would be most apt to suggest.

Mr. Juggles, it may be proper here to state, kept an establishment near the steamboat landing, and concentrated in his somewhat extensive business every branch of trade, from the sale of plows, calicoes and groceries, down to the retailing of drinks. Where he came from was not known, and when questioned on this subject, he would invariably answer, "Thet he'd bin yer twenty years, and he'd kum ter stay." This was all that Scripville knew about him, and all it cared to know, for he now ranked as one of the old settlers, and owned property. His domestic relations were equally mythical, for, soon after his arrival in town, he took unto himself a "rib" without the assistance of a magistrate, and now was surrounded by a score of young Juggleses. But Mr. Juggles was popular with the boatmen, and was highly eulogized by them as "the old 'un who never went back on a feller for a drink because he was broke." On the opposite side of the room sat several of the *Dalzell's* roustabouts. Months of idleness had detracted something from their martial appearance, and it had certainly added nothing to either the quality or quantity of their wardrobes. Tim Faxen's flannel shirt had come to the conclusion that air was a good thing for the elbows, and had opened the necessary ventilation.

Nick Boon's pantaloons revealed a solid front, but he kept a strict guard over his rear, especially if any ladies were around. There were three coats in the crowd, but it was hinted that there were that number less shirts than there should have been, and the boot and hat business had by no means a fair representation.



HARD UP.

Those who have never experienced the inconvenience of being "hard up" cannot have the faintest conception of the thoughts that take possession of a creature in that unpleasant condition. He sees

more real joy in a fifty-cent stamp than a Vanderbilt with his millions, and, in view of the covetous glances at Tim Juggles' well-filled decanters by the gentlemen alluded to, it is with regret that I have to record that they didn't have about their persons that very limited amount.



“MAKING THAT LANDING.”

The Captain and Si Wiggins had ended their conversation, and were about to separate.

“I rec’on, Si,” said the Captain, looking back to the bar when the two had reached the door. “I rec’on we’d better make that landing; it ain’t good to pass the ‘regulars,’ you know.”

They returned, and Mr. Juggles set out the decanter.

"Come up and take something, boys," said the Captain, addressing the roustabouts, who were scattered around the stove, endeavoring to keep warm.

The alacrity with which they responded to this command was creditable to their discipline, and the liberality with which they patronized Mr. Juggles' bottle caused him to have resource to the whiskey barrel very soon after.

"Well, boys, here's luck," said the Captain, raising his glass, and eyeing the contents. "Here's luck," responded all.

"Wait," added the Captain, "let me give you a toast: 'Here's hoping the creek may be bank full before a week.'"

There was no response, for the truth was there was no faith in the realization of any such hope, but all bowed respectfully and quaffed the fiery beverage in silence.

"I s'pose you'll be to the dance to-night, Mr. Wiggins?" said John Simmons, after setting down his glass and wiping the moisture from his mustache.

"The dance!" ejaculated Mr. Wiggins, apparently surprised that anybody should have the courage to get up anything like amusement in such dull times, "where is it?"

"Up at old Bill Franklin's," replied Mr. Simmons; "the gals'll all be there; Sue Mundy, and the whole set of 'em."

"Sue Mundy! Did you say Sue Mundy would be, thar?" asked Mr. Wiggins.

"Yes. She told me so to-day."

"Wall, I may call up awhile."

The Captain had left immediately after drinking,



"MISSER WIGGINS ODES SIXTY-TWO AND A HALF CENTS."

and the boys now separated. Where the roustabouts went is not recorded.

Mr. Juggles had been known to remark, on numerous occasions, that they never went anywhere long enough to give him a chance to sweep out his store. However, they did not return that night. But Si Wiggins' movements were clearly defined.

In fact, they have become a matter of local history; for when, one hour later, at 7 o'clock in the evening, he stepped from old Jerry's barber shop, perfumed and slicked up after the most approved fashion, it was recorded in black and white—for the old darkey could write a little—"dat Misser Wiggins odes sixty-two and a half cents."

It is a well-known fact to those whose business it is to cater for the amusement of the public, that only certain bills will draw certain persons, and Si Wiggins' case did not set at defiance this rule. To circuses, theatres, prize-fights, Good Templars' lodges, and even corn-huskings (unless liquor was on the bill) Si turned a deaf ear, but when Sue Mundy was announced to appear he was always on hand. Sue, in fact, was a bill that drew Si out in full force. Why it was that she exercised such an influence over him remains a mystery. Perhaps it could have been explained, had any one thought it of sufficient importance to have made the investigation, but as this would have involved far more labor than compensation, and besides would, in all likelihood, have added nothing to the moral standing of the community, it was thought best to let matters alone. When the *Dalzell* was completed, and the Captain began to make inquiries for a chamber-maid, Si Wiggins had introduced Sue, and she was hired without further recommendation. For the first few months the steward had occasion to frequently remark that the tablecloths and sheets were not overly well done up, but through the influence of Si she was kept on the

boat until, after a year's experience, it was agreed by the whole crew that she was a "rattling chamber-maid." Sue's early history was not such as to offer superior inducements for her entering public life, where all our little shortcomings are laid bare before an unsympathizing world; but she was popular with "the boys," and ranked as the "best-hearted gal on the creek." She would deny her friends nothing, and had often stayed away from home three days at a time, without even taking the precaution to send her anxious parents word where she was, rather than have any one think hard of her. She was the concentrated essence of liberality, and at a dance, in the language of Si Wiggins, "she was a stunner."

At 7 o'clock the light began to shine through the chinking of old Bill Franklin's cabin, and the tuning of a fiddle and somewhat loud remarks of the inmates were suggestive of what was about to transpire. Had any further evidence been wanting to satisfy all that there was going to be a dance, it was furnished in a flank movement by Si Wiggins, in his usual happy style, toward a patch of brush in a fence corner, where he deposited his pint flask—a thing to him quite as essential at a social gathering as either the girls or music. Several of the roustabouts had already arrived, and were seated inside. It might have been noticed by one so exacting in trifling things, that their knit sacks were buttoned or pinned close up to their chins; but then the weather was cold, and comfort should always be

consulted before fashion, and no person of good breeding would be guilty of hinting that they had

on soiled linen, although such a thing might not have shocked the sensibilities of any one present.



OLD BILLY FRANKLIN.

After completing the little arrangement referred to in the brush pile, Si Wiggins quietly entered the room and took a seat on the long bench on the side opposite the door. A set had already been formed in which the roustabouts took a part, and the music, striking up a lively tune, the dance commenced. Old Billy Franklin was busy, and moved around the edge of the room with all the dignity of a deacon, now snuffing the candles so close that he seemed to be chiding the tardiness of their burning, and offering a premium for charred wicks, now showing up new comers and taking their hats and bonnets, and not unfrequently regaling himself with a drop from Si Wiggins' flask, by special invitation, until he began to lose a considerable

share of that dignity which should attach itself to the head of every family.

The third set had ended before Sue Mundy entered the room. She was not alone. Sue was not in the habit of going out unattended. Si Wiggins had often remarked that she was "too gay a gal for anything of that kind. When Sue Mundy couldn't git a beau, it wan't no use for anybody else to try."



"SUE WAS NOT IN THE HABIT OF GOING OUT UNATTENDED."

On this occasion she had three. Their moral standing may be judged from the fact that in ten minutes from the time they arrived the number of black eyes present were increased by several pairs.

As she untied Si Wiggins' necktie, Sue told him to "go in and win," and she placidly remarked: "These Bungtown and Scripville boys never kin hitch. Settle 'em, Si." As a settling machine Si was a success; but before he had time to restore any-



"AS A SETTLING MACHINE SI WAS A GREAT SUCCESS."

thing like order, the town marshal and constable were on hand with a dozen deputies, and trotted all off to jail. Even old Billy Franklin was not left to give a feeble semblance of respectability to his disgraced homestead.

The next morning they were all brought up for

trial before old 'Squire Frazier, who remarked with severity on seeing them sitting in the prisoner's dock: "These steamboatmen are nuisances; we'll hev to put 'em down, if it takes the whole power of the law to do it."

The trials progressed singly, and each one was fined five dollars and costs, except Sue, whom, the 'Squire said, in consideration of her bad character, he would have to charge ten. The able argument of the counsel who had volunteered to defend them availed nothing. In vain he spoke of their national and political rights; the old 'Squire was invincible, and affairs began to look ominous.

The roustabouts gazed wistfully at Si Wiggins, who betrayed little concern at what was going on. There was a moment's silence—a kind of business pause, during which it was evidently expected that the imposed fines would be forked over, but no one moved. The 'Squire made the proper entries; then placing the pen over his right ear, looked around the room. The town constable cleared his throat and scowled at the prisoners. Among the spectators there was a stillness that was painful to endure. Si Wiggins was the first to break it. Rising and addressing the 'Squire, he said:

"I reckon, Jedge, that we'll have to board with yer awhile, for I know we're all strapped."

"Lock 'em up, Mr. Simpson," thundered the 'Squire to the constable; "give 'em a spell of bread and water, and let 'em see how they like that; we've

got to get rid of these yer boatmen, and a little starving will do to start on. Lock 'em up."

"Not jist yet!" said Sue Mundy, who stood over in the farthest corner of the room, with one foot upon the bench, evidently tying her stocking. "Not jist yet, Jedge; I guess them boys won't go to jail while I've got a red left. What's yer bill?"

"Forty-six dollars," answered the 'Squire.

"Here's yer money," said Sue, handing over the amount.

The 'Squire took the roll of greenbacks and counted them over. "It's all right, Sue," he said, "but if I catch yer agin you'll not get off so easy."

Leaving the 'Squire's office, the party sought Mr. Juggle's grocery. It was now near noon, but there was no appearance of the sun. In the sky, columns of dense, drifting clouds went hurrying by, only to be followed by others darker and more threatening. Away on the tops of the distant hills, mighty oaks shook and swayed back and forth, while the snow came down into bottom and creek, drifting, whirling, and eddying, till every elevation was swept clean and the forest was equally bare and sombre of aspect.

"I guess we'd better stop yer, boys," said Sue, as she stamped her feet on the slab in front of Mr. Juggles' grocery; "this cold weather ain't overly healthy to take too much of it at a time; 'spose we have somethin' warm?" It is not necessary to state that the invitation needed no repetition, and if the eyes of the boys brightened and beamed on Sue with

a light which bespoke something more than mere gratitude, it was because they felt it, and were not ashamed to own it. A few moments sufficed to warm the chilled limbs of Sue and her friends, when they all took seats around the stove and began talking over the previous night's adventure. The wind howled without, and the air was as a cloud of drifting snow, which lodged here and there



“WHAT’S YER BILL?”

wherever an obstruction offered, until houses and fences were almost hidden from view.

“It’s one of the wust days I ever seed on the creek,” said Si Wiggins, as he stepped back into the house, after taking a survey of the situation. “I reckon we’ll not git out of yer to-night.”

Mr. Juggles heard the remark and smiled half approvingly, for it must be remembered that Sue Mundy had money and was not backward in using it. In fact, the boys, under her generous patronage, were getting along very comfortably, and didn’t

care to leave. Besides, it was more than suspected that they had no particular place to go.

After a futile attempt to get at his wood pile, and finding a fathom of snow upon it, Mr. Juggles admitted "it was a rough night," and he was obliged to call upon two of the roustabouts to assist in getting in wood to last until morning. Nine, ten, eleven o'clock came, and brought no change. The evening



RETIRING HABITS.

had passed pleasantly enough, under the combined influence of Sue's cheerful conversation and Mr. Juggles' refreshments, and one by one the party began to fall asleep, until all was quiet. The roustabouts were scattered around on the floor, with their backs placed against kegs and barrels, and Si Wiggins got together a few old sacks, and arranging them for a pillow, lay down on one of the benches. With a woman's delicacy, Sue was the last to retire. She maintained her position on the opposite side of the stove until the last eye was closed; then, taking

from her shoulders her shawl, she folded it up, placed it on one end of the bench, after the manner that Si Wiggins had done with the sacks, and in a few moments was fast asleep. The stove that had been filled with wood sent forth a sufficient warmth to render the slumberers comfortable for two or three hours, but as the fire began to burn low the room grew cold, and by four o'clock all were aroused by their aching limbs.

"I rec'on," said Si Wiggins, as he came in with an armful of wood and began fixing up the fire, "I rec'on we'll soon have water in the creek; the wind's got round in the south, and the weather's turned right smart warmer."

"The sooner the better, Si," said Sue Mundy, "for the boys are needin' it."

At daylight Si Wiggins went out to take a look at the *Dalzell*, which lay at the wharf below, from all appearances a superannuated craft, as far from the element of navigation as the Ark after the subsiding of the Deluge. Months of inactivity had given her an appearance of age and dilapidation, which rendered her far from attractive. It was now January, and the whole crew had been idle since October. Was it a wonder, then, that Tim Juggles, who kept the establishment on the bank, was equally enthusiastic with the rest of the boys for the resumption of business, since the depleted condition of his stock contrasted so strangely with his booked assets? It was hinted that Si Wiggins owed him two hundred dollars for drinks, and the rousters had

made the best of their credit, while the Captain had also been a very liberal patron. As the day



"SHE CALLED THEM HER DEAR LITTLE
SHERUBS."

waned, the air grew warmer, the clouds settled lower and lower, and at night it began to rain. The next morning the snow had disappeared, and the familiar outlines of Duck Creek stood out in bold relief. Torrents rushed down the hollows,

carrying away fences and pouring into the creek with a roar ominous to the old settlers. The stream rose with such rapidity that, in a few hours the *Dalzell* was afloat, with steam up and ready to depart. The mate, with the assistance of the roustabouts, was putting things to rights, and Sue Mundy, with her usual cheerfulness, was preparing the ladies' cabin for the passengers, of whom a large number were already engaged. The first bell was rung and the whistle blown. The engineer had tried the

machinery and pronounced everything in good order. Then there was another ringing of the bell, when the furnace, as though sensible that it would soon be called upon to furnish the motive-power, began to belch forth great columns of black smoke, which went curling heavenward, giving the whole scene an appearance of animation which it had not exhibited for months. Some thirty passengers had already come on board, and were scattered over the boat and through the cabin. Among them were 'Squire Frazier, his wife and his five children, two of them aged respectively five and seven years. Sue was so delighted with them that she called them the dear little "sherubs," as she kissed them over and over again.

A third tap on the bell signalled the pilot to back out the boat, and the "*Bully Dalzell*," with a bully crew, steamed off for East Fork amid the shouts of all Scripville, and the waving of handkerchiefs (bandanas mostly) of all on board. The rapidity with which the creek rose rendered its current almost irresistible, and it was nearly dark before the boat passed out of sight of the town.

"Keep a sharp lookout, Mr. Sawyer," said the Captain, "for we're meetin' heavy drift." "I, I, sir," answered the pilot in his usual familiar way.

Twilight soon deepened into darkness, and the faint outlines of the stream were lost to all but the experienced eye of the helmsman, who stood at his post straining his sight to catch a glimpse of his old landmarks. Priest's saw-mill was reached at nine

o'clock, and the first landing was made. Here it was learned that the creek had risen twenty feet, and that the whole bottom from there to Jones' Landing, forty miles above, was inundated. Houses, haystacks, and fences came down, covered with chickens, and went floating by as though chasing each other in one common race to destruction. The roaring of the runs became louder, the dense clouds settled lower on the hills, and the air was pervaded with that peculiar odor which always attends a freshet. Still the *Dalzell* pushed onward; for, as Mr. Sawyer had remarked to the Captain, "there's no danger as long as we keep clear of the drift." The last game of draw-poker had expired as it were by limitation, in accordance with a printed card hanging from one of the two-pronged chandeliers, which announced that no games would be allowed after ten o'clock, and but a few stragglers, Canada Bill, Ouachita Pete, and honest Jack, well-known gamblers, were moving in the cabin, every one else having retired.

Sue Mundy had taken her accustomed cup of coffee, which she termed her "nightcap," and had gone to bed to be lulled to sleep by the familiar music of the escape pipes. The barkeeper had counted his receipts and shut up his bar, while the dim glimmer of the lamps in the cabin showed that the steward had turned them down and was resting from the day's labor.

• The night watchman now enters the hall door with a hand-lantern. He pauses at the stove, warms

his chilled body, and looks up at the clock over the office: "Ah, it is just twelve, and the watch must be called." He moved toward the state-room doors, and raises his hand to rap. But listen! Whence that ominous noise? He feels himself ascending, feels the scorching steam as it stifles his breath and cooks his flesh; now a crash comes, as though a mountain had fallen upon the steamer, and down he goes with the mass of débris, never to rise again. The boat has exploded her boilers. The creek and overflowed bottoms are covered with the wounded and dying, while the agonizing cries which ascend from the wreck strike terror to the very hills.

"Where are you, boys?" cried Canada Bill to his two partners.

"We're here between the boilers, cooked to a jelly. We're gone up, Bill. Good-by, old boy."

"That's my hand, exactly. I'm played, too; good-by."

There was no reply. The helpless wreck drifted down the current, and the wails of the women and children became more intense and heart-rending. The few brave officers and roustabouts who were not killed had no thought of their own safety, but toiled like giants in extricating their fellow-beings from what seemed certain death.

"Bring a light and axes," shouted Si Wiggins; "here's a dozen or more under this piece of roof."

In a few minutes a number of axes were brought from the forward end of the boat, but the light cast upon the scene was furnished in a manner that

caused the blood of the bravest to curdle in his veins—the boat was ablaze, and the hissing flames, creeping through the shapeless mass, lit up the hideous funeral pile, and seemed to exult in baffling the noble efforts that prompted man to action.

One by one the survivors were driven into the water, and after a momentary splash all was quiet, not even a ripple remaining to designate the locality where human eyes had cast their last look heavenward; and human lips had uttered therein their last prayer.

But the lights began to fade, and the plain outlines of the *Dalzell's* hull are visible, revealing a barge, freighted with a cargo of fire, moving upon the flood. Over the water is seen here and there dark spots which move, and an occasional shout for help from one of the mangled victims, as he writhes in agony on a frail raft constructed of shattered boards, shows how few there are left to tell the tale, so woeful and sad that no inexperienced ear can comprehend it.

At last the clank of oars is heard in the distance; soon they cease their strokes, and the rescuers listen. "Come here; for God's sake, come here! I'm sinking!" Again they pull with heroic effort; two are saved; but there are heard the screams of women and children, and even the hoarse voice of a man is distinguished, calling for succor. These are on a plank, and there is just room for seven, for two are struggling in the water. One of them speaks:

"Sue, I'm awfully burned."

"So am I, Si, but I reckon the skiff'll save 'em now."



"GOOD-BY."

"Yes, it's nearly yer."

"It's a long trip we're going on, Sue; do you think we'll reach the right port?"

"Is the children hurt, Si?"

"No!"

"Nor the 'Squire and his wife?"

"No!"

"It's all day with me; good-by."

"Good-bye, Sue."

And so they passed away without a prayer; but who shall say that when the last trump has sounded they will not stand forth robed in as spotless white as those whom they died to save, and find a port on that beautiful river where hardships are unknown.

XXVI.

ROYALTY ON THE MISSISSIPPI—1872.

CHAPTER I.

FROM the time the announcement was first made that the Prince Alexis would descend the Mississippi River on a steamboat, and that no newspaper correspondents would be permitted on board, I made up my mind to accompany him, and began perfecting arrangements accordingly.

Perhaps my desire to make the trip was stimulated by the fact that I would be alone in my glory, and, being disguised and unsuspected, have a better opportunity of observing the habits and whims of royalty than had been enjoyed by any reporter since the Prince's advent into this country.

Fully convinced that the game was worth the powder, I informed my wife of my determination. "Sallie," said I, "do up the other shirt, and arrange it in the carpet-bag, and hold them in readiness for marching orders ; don't forget the box of collars."

I then supplied myself with paper, envelopes, and stamps—those of the postal denomination—and awaited impatiently the hour to move.

It was my intention, at first, to ship on the Great Republic, at Cairo, but when the blockade of the

river caused the Prince to change his mind, and determine upon Memphis as the point of embarkation, I decided on joining the boat at that point, and, taking the Iron Mountain Railroad in the evening, reached Belmont on the next morning. Here I remained two days, waiting to see if the *Great Republic*, which was sticking fast in the ice gorge, would be able to get through.

I made a visit to the boat, and roamed over the fields of ice, which stretched northward like a vast prairie covered with a coat of spotless snow. She was evidently frozen in too solid to admit of her getting out until there came a general break-up; but all hopes of her doing so had not been abandoned, for dispatches were hourly passing between her captain and the Prince's agent at Memphis, the purport of which was encouraging, and gave assurance that in a day or two at farthest the boat would be free and ready to continue on her voyage. Seeing no hope, however, of such a result, and fearing the party would give me the slip, I took the morning train for Memphis, where I arrived the same afternoon, and put up at the Peabody House, where the Prince and suite were stopping. A dreary rain prevailed, followed by a cold north wind, which transformed, in a few hours, the sidewalks and streets into the consistency of glass, where men and beasts lost their footing, and fell to the ground as rapidly, almost, as they could get up again.

At the hotel, people lounged about on the long rows of seats which lined the sides of the lower hall

smoking and conversing. Throngs moved in solid phalanx to the bar, and put themselves outside of large decoctions of cheap liquor, then strolled up and down the saloon with the air of railroad managers, their fine clothes and small hands and feet showing



MEMBERS OF THE BAR.

them to be strangers to toil, but their premature gray hairs and haggard countenances proclaiming them on good terms with dissipation, whose pigeon-tailed coats stood out from the seat as though the wearers might be on a grand buffalo hunt, and were

leaving the Duke, Buffalo Bill, Sheridan, Custer, and the whole Indian tribe in the rear.

Countrymen with their pants tucked in the tops of their boots, and dirty gray blankets thrown over their shoulders, loitered in to tip up a tumbler, and out again to slip on the ice, amidst the jeers of their companions. Men with gray heads, men with bald heads, men seven feet long, and men three feet too short, hump-backed men, and men of all professions, from the aristocratic banker to the professional Ku-Klux, made up the scene below ; while the Duke and party, quartered in the elegant parlors above, divided their time between smoking, drinking, receiving calls, and grumbling at the tardiness of the boat.

Hopes were still entertained that the Great Republic would get out ; but after waiting three days, intelligence came that she was still fast, and another boat would have to be procured. Several steamers were hastening up from New Orleans, in hopes of securing the prize, but the James Howard arriving first and being well qualified for the task, was selected and ordered to get in readiness at once. The wines and flags which were purchased for the Republic had been forwarded by rail, and were taken on board. The steward set about procuring every delicacy which Memphis afforded, and when darkness settled down on the great "Father of Waters," the James Howard, the largest and one of the finest steamers which ever ploughed the Mississippi, lay quietly awaiting the arrival of her royal guest,

and I was busying myself in the pastry-room. (I was disguised as cook.)

CHAPTER II.

A CLEAR, cold morning gave promise that the pleasure of the trip would be enhanced by a con-



EXERCISE.

tinuance of beautiful weather. The Russian and American flags were hoisted, and floated gracefully in the breeze; steam was raised, and at nine A. M. the first whistle announced all in readiness.

At ten o'clock the Prince and suite and invited guests arrived at the landing in carriages, and came on board.

Quite a crowd had collected on the bluff, and many came on the boat to bid the party good-by, and take their last look at Royalty.

After a few moments spent in friendly conversation and hand-shaking, Captain Pegram tapped

the bell, when the mammoth steamer swung out into the stream and was off. Going above the city for half a mile, she rounded to, and came down at a fine speed, amid the firing of cannon and waving of handkerchiefs by the people on the bluff; and in a few moments Memphis disappeared in the distance.

However unaccustomed the Prince may have been to steamboat travel, he seemed instinctively to appreciate the fine promenades, and settled down to a vigorous walk, as though laboring to get up a special appetite for the approaching meal. The ladies and members of the suite scattered over the boat with the agility of a flock of sheep turned into a fresh pasture.

Admiral Possiet came trudging up the side steps with an arm-full of maps and charts, and took possession of all that vast territory known as the hurricane roof, from the texas forward, where he deposited his utensils and began taking observations.

The Admiral was very inquisitive, much to the annoyance of the deck-sweeper, who was laboring to keep the cinders brushed off the roof, and whose broom was equally annoying to the Admiral by its frequent close proximity to his papers.

But the Admiral kept on gazing, and the deck-sweeper sweeping, as though each was aware of the other's position, and willing to bear with the inconvenience.

"You have much uncultivated prairie in this valley, I see," said the Admiral to the industrious

sweeper, who had just passed his black broom over the corner of one of his charts.



THE TWO PHILOSOPHERS.

"I don't see it in that light," said the deck-sweeper; "our farms are about all runnin'."

"Do you call these vast tracts, which spread out before us with no buildings or fences on them, under cultivation?"

The deck-sweeper ceased his labors, and peered at the Admiral with a countenance bordering on disgust, and said, "Why, them's sand bars."

"A great country for bars," said the Admiral,

taking his pencil and making a note of the information he had just gained.

"Yes," said the sweep, "we have some of 'um, and it would be better for us chaps, and better for boat owners, if we'd give 'um a wide berth. They gets all our money one way or another."

"That's a precocious youth," said the Admiral to himself, as he turned and moved forward to a position near the bell, where Mr. Machin, General Custer, and the ladies were standing. Presently the Prince came up, attended by several of his suite and servants, when chairs were procured, and the party sat down to enjoy the scenery, as the vessel, propelled with Titan stroke, sped southward.

Passed caving banks and decaying cabins, which, in many instances, stood on the edge of the river, ready to topple over and be carried away by the current below. Passed dense forests of overgrown trees, with an occasional clearing, through which was seen comfortable dwellings and vast fields, still partially white with unpicked cotton, around which ran zigzag fences, like the boundary lines on the National map, and whose dark, gloomy appearances told it was mid-winter; ploughs arranged under sheds in long rows, like batteries of artillery, ready at a moment's notice to be brought into action; mules and horses loitering about, as though searching for a nibble of grass, and, failing to find it, kept searching still; chickens scratching and crowing in the yards, and human beings of both sexes and colors, called out to witness the passing steamer, stood on the

porches and watched her out of sight. On, midst islands and sand bars, on which gambolled innumerable flocks of wild-geese and other water-fowl; by wood-yards and loaded flats, ready to be taken in tow, and soon demolished by that great American fuel-eater, the Mississippi River steamboat; here acres of débris stretching out into the stream like great rotten rafts, on which strutted scores of turkey buzzards, picking their meal from the decaying carrion which mingled in the general wreck; there plantations half in the river, as though an attempt had been made to launch them, but the ways had broken down when the job was half completed, leaving a mass of broken trees and stumps and yawning fissures, presenting an appearance of desolation which could scarcely be enhanced by the presence of an earthquake.

Such was the scene which this portion of the Lower Mississippi presented to the casual observer, and in such a light was it viewed by the Prince and party, for scarcely a word was spoken for the first hour, so deeply were all wrapped in contemplation.

A soil of endless depth and productive qualities, embracing a territory of less than one-tenth of Russia, yet capable of sustaining a population equal to that of all Europe, the Mississippi Valley languishes from the lack of proper legislation; while Congress, forgetting that charity and duty begin at home, and leaving the brave inhabitants to contend single-handed with the floods, look over the seas and talk of annexing more territory.

CHAPTER III.

THE Prince generally rose about 9 o'clock, and a half hour later took lunch, which consisted of a cup of Java coffee, a hot roll and a poached egg, after which he smoked several cigars and imbibed a reasonable amount of liquor of the more solid brands, leaving wines untouched till breakfast.

Mr. Machin, who professed to be a practical cook, made out the bill of fare, and catered to the Imperial appetite with an absolution which reminds one of that authority once exercised in this country by an affectionate old slave over an inconsiderate young master.

The American habit of shovelling thirty or forty different kinds of food into the stomach at each meal, is not practised by the Russian. If eating is not reduced by him to a science, it is, at least, done systematically, and with a due regard to bodily health. The following, which was the breakfast bill, served the first day on leaving Memphis, will doubtless surprise our American epicures with its simplicity:

First course—Omelet.

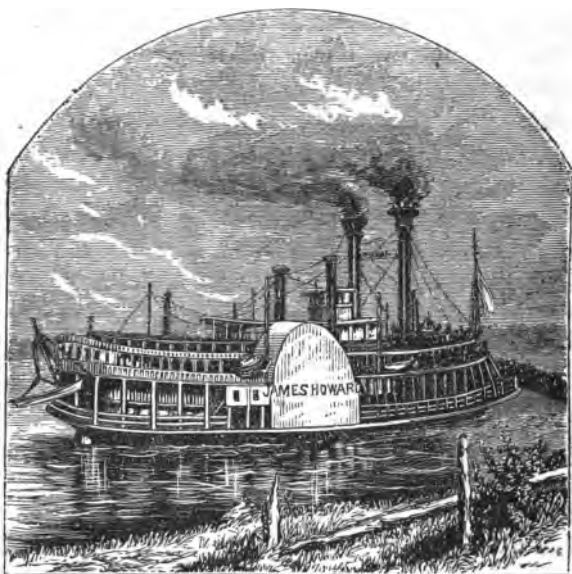
Second—Beefsteak, and fried and mashed potatoes.

Third—Fricassee of chicken.

In addition to these, there were bread and butter, and a great variety of liquors, wines and cigars.

The ladies, of whom there were five on board, all

invited guests, were seated first, when the Prince and the other gentlemen took their seats. From one to two hours were spent at breakfast, and when the meal was completed, the gentlemen of the party, at least, were pretty mellow, and ready for a general



WOODING.

romp or dance. At six o'clock dinner was served, in five courses, as follows :

First—Soup, purée, of green peas.

Second—Fish, baked trout, with tomato sauce.

Third—Roast veal, with mashed potatoes.

Fourth—Asparagus.

Fifth—Roast turkey, boiled potatoes, fruits, nuts, and pastry. The latter was scarcely touched.

Wines, liquors and cigars came in for their usual share of patronage, and the popping of corks and ringing of glasses mingled their notes with the music, which was a part of everything, and was kept a going from the time the Prince rose until he retired, with the exception of short intervals, when the musicians withdrew for a few moments to lay in a fresh supply of wind.

On meeting boats, a gun was always fired, which was answered by several toots of the whistle, and the waving of hats and cheering.

For the first day everything was excitement. The servants were scared out of their wits at the bare idea of having to wait upon a Duke, but they soon got used to it, and, before the party left the boat, began to take on royal airs, and would turn up their noses when ordered by the steward to serve a common American citizen with his rations.

In New Orleans these servants were lionized by their fellows, and even respectable white people would stop in the street to look upon one who had been so intimately associated with Royalty. He was a hero for the time being.

Admiral Possiet was the only worker in the crowd. He was on the roof, or in the pilot-house, most of the time taking notes. The Admiral was well acquainted with the history of the country through which he was travelling, and on learning the name of any point, was always ready to deliver a lecture

upon it. His erudition of river affairs had probably been acquired from a yellow-covered guide-book which he always carried in his coat pocket, and which he never failed to appeal to in case of doubt.

One of our pilots was of a rather practical, or, I may say, plebeian turn of mind, and did not entertain any more than an old-fashioned American opinion of nobility. With him a Duke, Admiral or roustabout were all the same, and when questioned too much he was disposed to be a little gruff. The Admiral and he got along very well, however, although he had on several occasions abused the old man's credulity.

"What place is this?" said the Admiral, addressing the pilot, and pulling out the inevitable guide-book, and examining the river to see if it agreed with the shape of the cut on the map.

"White River," said the pilot.

"It can't be," said the Admiral, "for that place has a wharf-boat, and there's nothing of that kind in the book."

"Why, that book," said the pilot, "was written before a wharf-boat was invented; it's older than the hills. The river don't run within twenty miles of where that cut indicates."

"What!" said the Admiral, "does the Government of the United States permit such unreliable publications to be circulated, to the detriment of her commerce and unequalled navigable resources?"

"Permit it!" said the pilot; "the Government don't have anything to do with her rivers; she's went

back on 'em long ago; they are about the only thing now left in this once glorious land of liberty that is free, and they are dyin' a nateral death."

"I observe," said the Admiral, "that your rivers seem to lack the fostering care of the Government. The snags and wrecks should be removed, and levees built to protect the lands from overflow. This would encourage industry and inspire a respect for your rulers, which, as far as I can judge, they do not now enjoy. And you say that is the mouth of White River?" continued Possiet, looking back over the stern of the steamer a couple of miles away.

"Let me see," and again referring to his book hurriedly: "why, here it was the great DeSoto died."

"That may be," said the pilot; "I've knowed a heap of chaps to hand in their checks here."

The last sentence was not heard by Possiet, as the Duke and Mr. Machin had just entered the pilot-house, and he turned to acquaint them of their close proximity to the great discoverer's grave. The Duke treated the matter rather indifferently, but the Admiral was much affected, and stood for some moments with his eyes riveted on the Arkansas shore, and then broke forth: "O DeSoto! DeSoto! DeSoto! to think that your bones should sleep beneath this lonely, dismal stream, away from country and descendants."

"Why, right ahead thar," said the pilot, "at the mouth of the Arkansas, is planted the bones of over

three thousand as noble boys as ever dignified humanity, with plain names, without handles to 'em; and they'll not wake, sir, even though the hyena-like waters is diggin' 'em out, and minglin' their bones with the sand-bars."

The place referred to lay a couple of miles ahead, and the Admiral put his glasses to his eyes, and levelled them on the scene.

As the boat bore down opposite the point, the Admiral inquired of the pilot in which direction lay the graveyard.

"Thar, in that swamp to the right," replied the pilot; "don't you see the ends of the coffins sticking out whar the bank has caved away?"

The Admiral said he did.

Of course he saw nothing of the kind, as the graveyard was demolished several years since by the changed current of the river.

I visited this place during the war, and the view which then presented itself was not calculated to inspire anything but a feeling of intense horror. A more God-forsaken spot could not be imagined. The whole body of the town, which was once of quite respectable size, had been washed away, and nothing was left standing but a wing of the out-skirts, which reminded one of the thin gray throat whiskers of an old man, minus his head from the chin up. A small strip of the graveyard was left standing, and where the bank had caved in the crumbling earth was strewn with decaying coffins and promiscuous bones, half imbedded in the dirt,

as though shrinking from human gaze, and imploring the waters to engulf them. A melancholy sound, like the subdued cooing of a dove, stole through the tall cottonwoods as stirred by an occasional breeze they waved their bare branches over the field of death, and in the next moment went tumbling into the flood below. This place once contained a marine hospital, but it has long since fallen into the river.

During the few moments the boat lay at Napoleon, the parties in the pilot-house, which consisted of the Duke, the Admiral, Machin, and several others, busied themselves in surveying the surrounding scenery. Presently the steamer moved on again, and darkness settling down drew the curtain across the panorama, and all went below. After the usual six o'clock dinner, followed by several hours' dancing and merry-making, bedtime arrived, and the musicians who had been blowing since early morning, were permitted to hang up their horns and rest their overtaxed lungs.

CHAPTER IV.

AT dinner, the first day after leaving Memphis, as the party took seats at the table the band struck up the favorite Russian air, and Mr. James Williams, the steward, and his assistant stood behind his Highness, champagne in hand, which, in accordance with

a previous arrangement, was to be let off at a given signal, both bottles popping at the same instant. The moment for action arrived, and the second steward touched his cork, and away it went singing



FLASHED IN THE PAN.

through the cabin; but Williams' flashed in the pan and wouldn't budge. In vain he thumped it, and shook it, and pulled at it with a cork-screw; it was no go. There sat the Duke gazing at his empty glass, and Williams charging at the bottle with the strength of an Ajax; but still no champagne. Seeing no hope of getting the bottle open, Williams

threw it into a dish basket, and rushed for the wine table, exclaiming: "A million dollars for a bottle that will pop!" The next bottle went off satisfactorily, but it was several hours before his equilibrium was fully restored, and he still declares it was a put-up job.

The weather being cold and disagreeable, no one went ashore until the third day, when the boat landed in a dense forest to wood, when all took a stroll half a mile inland to a woodsman's hut, and were introduced to his family. It being mid-day, the frugal board was spread, and the household were partaking of their substantial meal, which consisted of bacon, corn bread, and coffee. The visitors were invited to remain to dinner, but declined, with many thanks, and moved on to examine the surroundings. The hut was about sixteen feet square and eight feet high in the clear, and covered with clapboards. The spaces between the logs were chinked and plastered with mud, which made a warm if not a very handsome finish. On the outside of the dwelling were tacked numerous coon skins, some of them fresh from the animals' backs, and marked with streaks of blood; several gourds hung from forked sticks as though they had grown there and the vines had withered and left them. In front of the entrance stood an ash hopper, from which dripped into a long trough drops of amber-colored lye. A dozen long-eared hounds, and an equal number of very long-nosed hogs, were scattered around the premises. The hogs broke for the

woods, but the dogs were with difficulty kept from tasting of the Royal leg.

Possiet, Machin, and the others of the party, surrendered at discretion, and threw themselves upon the protection of the woodsman, who seemed so de-



TOO FAMILIAR.

lighted with the game qualities that his dogs had shown, that he felt it almost a duty to give them a taste of the game before driving them away. After humoring the animals for a few minutes, who bristled up and growled and smelled around, much to the discomfiture of all present but their owner, he drove them off.

The Duke, who was very much pleased with the novelty of the view, but very much put out at the conduct of the dogs, soon entered into a conversation with the woodsman, and Possiet, as usual, busied himself in taking notes. General Custer, who looked over Possiet's shoulder, noticed his first item had some reference to American dogs.

"Vat you call dem tings vat you make op mit sometings?" said the Duke to the woodsman, as he looked back at the peltries against the cabin.

"Them," said the countryman, "are coon skins."

"You haf much pig drese here," said the Duke, looking toward the swamp where the cotton-woods stood like a solid wall. "Some tings walk up mit dem, ha?"

The countryman looked bewildered.

"I mean," said the Duke, "you hap some wilde animiles here, ha?"

"Oh, yes," said the countryman, "we have plenty of them."

"Vat you call um, ha?" said the Duke.

"Well," said the countryman, "we have bears, panthers, wild-cats, deers, and several other species of wild varmints."

The Duke smiled and said, "Dat is goot; I like to stop mit you sometimes; I likes to hunt."

"Well," said the countryman, "you wouldn't have to do much hunting; we have more trouble here in keeping the varmints from finding us than is very agreeable."

The Duke shrugged his shoulders and said, "I no

like dem kind vat come to me; I like dem kind vat run away."

"Then," said the countryman, "this ain't the place you're looking for."

The boat now rung her bell to notify the party that the wood was in, and all went on board.

We landed at one or two places afterward, but before venturing on shore, Mr. Machin and Possiet always inquired: "Are there any dogs out there?"

The Duke made some very funny, or, at least, quaint remarks, which were enjoyed by all the Americans on board, and especially by the boatmen.

One day while walking on the roof, he stopped one of the colored waiters and said, as he pointed to a sand-bank just ahead: "Dish is de kind of bars vat de boats run on much fast, ha?"

"Yes," said the servant.

"No goot river; too much sand; I like um deepe," said the Duke, as he resumed his walk.

An amusing scene took place the first night the party was on the boat. As a piece of acting it has seldom if ever been excelled, and should have been seen to have been appreciated. Darkness, which was a kind of first bell announcing the approach of dinner, had just set in, and all went about in making their toilets and preparing for the meal. Going to their rooms they found them dark. Mr. Machin, seeing the state of affairs, rushed down the cabin, with his hands raised over his head, and screaming with all the energy of the terror-stricken king in the

play of Hamlet: "Lights! lights! lights! away, bring lights!"

Mr. Williams, the steward, informed Mr. Machin that the steamboat law prohibited lights from being used in state-rooms, except in the shape of lanterns, and there were not enough of them on the boat to supply all the rooms.



LIGHTS! LIGHTS!

"How will we dress in the dark?" said he, rushing up and down the cabin, and passing his hands rapidly through his hair, like an actor who was looking for something to tear.

"Lights! lights! lights! bring lights!" he continued.

"Keep cool," said the steward, "and we'll try to attend to you," at the same time dispatching several

boys after lamps. In a few moments the rooms were illuminated, and Mr. Machin passed behind the scene, and when he next entered, played not heavy tragedy, but smash with half of a turkey and any amount of wine.

CHAPTER V.

THE Admiral continued to take notes, and had already packed two large trunks with closely written paper, and, from appearances, the printing business will take new life in Russia after the return home of this party; certainly it will, if the result of their observations are given to their countrymen to print.

Being mid-winter, the first warm weather, or positive indications that we were nearing a southern latitude, were experienced at Natchez. Here the shrubbery began to look green, and the sun shone with a warmth that rendered the atmosphere agreeable without a fire.

The boat lay at Natchez some three hours. Here six carriages were ordered on board, when she steamed across to Vidalia, a small town opposite, and the Grand Duke and whole party went on shore and indulged in a several hours' drive, leaving the boat to continue on, and await them at a point twelve miles below.

This was one of the grandest scenes witnessed on the trip. The weather was delightful, and as the

carriages filed along the bank, followed by a large number of people, and the great steamer, with flags flying and band playing, keeping pace out in the stream, produced a happy effect, and resembled the march of a conqueror. One old colored man followed the carriages several miles, until they stopped at a cotton-gin, when he inquired, with hat in hand, for "de Queen's son." Being shown the Duke, he bowed and scraped, and was greatly delighted, and said: "Lord, massa, I'se run all dis way to see you, an' am mighty glad to get a chance to, I tell you."

The Duke and party went into the building and examined the gin (they didn't drink any), which was running, and witnessed the process of ginning cotton. The Admiral, as usual, took down a few notes, when the drive was continued until the boat was reached, at five o'clock in the afternoon.

The Russian style of dancing was entirely different from anything ever practised in this country, and for noise and hard work was equal to the Indian war dance or the Mexican fandango. Sawing wood at two bits a cord



THE ADMIRAL.

would be play to it; but as the men did all the work, the women didn't object to it on those conditions.

The run down the coast was attended with little interest. The effects of the severe winter still lingered, and the groves and fields, which usually at this season of the year were covered with verdure, were as dreary and desolate looking as those of our Western latitudes. An occasional evergreen, the same as we first saw at Natchez, nestled around the dilapidated houses as a kind of connecting link between the seasons, and like a happy, hopeful spirit, so welcome in all communities, looked cheerful amidst the gloom.

Nowhere are the unhappy effects of the late war more visibly set forth than in this part of Louisiana. As we gazed on the crumbling ruins and shapeless masses of bricks, the conclusion was forced upon the mind that if the war was waged for the preservation of the Union, wealth and refinement were its greatest enemies, and have suffered and are suffering full penance.

Who, that has known this country in years gone by, can look upon it without feeling a regret that the armies which struck from the bondsman the manacles of slavery, should not have spared the Eden which the institution reared, nor sent the Eve a wanderer from the Paradise, never to return again. The blow which scattered concentrated wealth gave back to mother earth the altar which genius had reared in the wilderness, and the large

plantations which once astonished the world with their productions, bring forth an annual crop of weeds.

About sixty miles above New Orleans, at a very fine plantation, owned by Mr. Louis Le Bourgois, the boat landed and remained three hours.



THE NATIVES GAZE.

The Duke and party were very courteously entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Le Bourgois, who live in princely style, and have everything around them that even a king could wish. The plantation is one of the largest on the coast, and the fine mansion is surrounded by a grove, in which is situated a mammoth hot-house, where were growing the banana

and many other species of the tropical tree and shrub.

Those of us who were not invited to the house, struck out for a little exercise. Williams, who is an incorrigible joker and full of humor, played the Count on the negroes so successfully, that he had the whole force of the plantation following him. Among the party was Chassaing, who talks French fluently, while Williams conversed in such horrible broken English as to fully satisfy all strangers of his foreign birth. His actions and conversation were superlatively ridiculous; but the credulous negroes took it all in, and seemed delighted with him.

Williams would throw his head back and shrug his shoulders, and affect such surprise and delight at objects which he saw, that it was almost impossible for those of us that knew him to keep from betraying all by laughing right out.

At one point we stopped at a patch of rank grass growing from a kind of sink-hole. A tiny water snake was seen swimming on the top of the pool. Williams affected to be perfectly carried off with the curiosity, and yelled out: "A sna-ke! a sna-ke! catch-e me von sna-ke, and put-e him in one bottle-e. I giv-e you five dollars; I want to take him to Russia!"

"O yes, massa, we catch you de snake," answered the negroes, as they went to work with a determination to capture it, and secure the reward. A tap on the bell, however, summoned all on board, when the boat steamed down to Carrollton, and

remained until nine o'clock next day, when she ran down to the city, and the Duke and suite disembarked amidst the firing of cannon and the wildest excitement of the people, who had assembled on the levee in anticipation of the event.





PART II.

MISSISSIPPI BALLADS.



MISSISSIPPI BALLADS.

JIM KANE.

I have soured of late on war,
And rough and tumble I abhor ;
Which principles I hope I shall retain.
But since the argument's on mules,
I'll just suspend my rules,
As there's a mill I'd like here to explain.

It took place at Price's Landin',
And the mule, it was a-standin'
On the rise of ground just above the shed.
The Aleck Scott lay puffin',
And snortin', howlin', snuffin'.
" Jim, just hurry in that chap," the capt'n said.

He seemed a domestic critter,
Of the common country litter—
Big-headed, shaggy, cockle-burr'd and mean.
Well—I reckon that quadruped,
For a make-up that was stupid,
Would knock the socks off anything you've seen.

" Come, boys, let's have this mule in,"
Said Jim Kane ; " don't be foolin'—
- The Aleck Scott should now be under way."

When Si Wiggins said, "Come, git!"
Well, it wa'nt a fly that lit
On the side of his convex cone that day.

Pat McGovern tried to pet him,
And by gentle words to get him
To walk peacefully and orderly aboard;
But quite deaf to all entreaty,
With a movement of his feet he—
Lifted off the top of Patrick's gourd.



The rousters now were bilin',
And for a fight were spilin';
Two already had been sent to kingdom come—
And in re-tal-i-a-tion,
To meet the situation,
Rails became the cir-cu-la-ting me-di-um.

Jim saw his men expirin',
For that mule was untirin',
 In putting heads on all that did assail.
Presently there came a stillness,
Over Jim there stole a chillness,
 For he alone was left to tell the tale.



LOST HIS OVERCOAT.

But he got him to the capst'n,
And heav'd him till he snapp'd some
 Half a dozen of the stoutest lines in twain.
That mule's neck grew some longer,
And yet it proved the stronger,
 And, turtle-like, crept in its shell again.

Jim now gaz'd at that creature,
With a wan, cadaverous feature ;
Then a chew of navy took—'twas his rule,
And, letting down his braces,
Says, " We'll see who holds the aces."
Well, you orto've seen him reach for that mule.

Now the hair and hide it flew,
In a manner rare and new ;
Still they gouged and kicked and punched away,
Till the racket Price mistook,
And he recorded in a book,
An earthquake shook the landin' on that day.

The Aleck Scott sailed on,
But her roustabouts were gone ;
And when Price discovered the remains,
Stiff and naked stood that mule,
Holdin' back, as was his rule ;
But his skin had gone aboard—it was Kane's.

MISSISSIPPI SMITHERS.

" Hello ! elev'n—well, let it strike ;
Come, Frazier, come—a song !
Simpson, thar, and Marlinspike,
Just pass the grog along.
We'll cut for deal—the highest keard— "
Says a voice from the draught they sip :
" Dark the river rolls below "—
" Well, drat it, let her rip."

“ Converse made an awful smoke,
With thet ar J. M. White;
I reckon thet the catfish woke
When thet craft kem in sight.
Bnt Lor', she's gone, and had her day;
Her famous job is done—”
“ Dark the river rolls below—”
“ Well, darn it, let it run.”



QUIT THE RIVER.

“ Fifty years ago to-night—
Drink, boys, I'm gettin' dry—
The Swiftsure went up like a kite;
You orto've see'd us fly.
She'd pass'd the Homer under way,
But the critter busted wide—”
“ Dark the river rolls below ”—
“ Well, darn it, let her slide.”

"Smith wuz plant'd in the field,
Above the mouth of Cache;
And Oakes hasn't, since she squealed,
Took up the pan for hash.
And Sallie Smithers—well,
I've been alone nigh fifty years—"
"Dark the river rolls below"—
"How strange the light appears!"

Wall, yes, them wer the palmy days!
At least, thet's what they say;
For blessins here we seldom praise
Until they're pass'd away.
But Sallie—she went long ago;
How peartly time has flew!
"Ho! Broadus, catch Old Smithers! thar—
He's quit the river, too."

THE BATTLE OF SPAR ISLAND.

"Heave, hearties! run 'er down two blocks,"
Said the mate; "stretch away!
Take a turn with the hawser, Knox—
Be quick, it wants to pay!
Steady, my lads; jerk out your bars,
And all hands pipe to grub;
Let her rest on her well-taut spars—
She's gin us a tight rub."

We wan't in a mild state ov mind
Arter sparrin' two days,
And our feelin's wan't ov thet kind
Which goes heavy on praise ;
And when Maguire said unto Knox,
" Pass up thet pan of flitch."
And he shoved it to Fatty Cox—
You orto've seen 'em hitch.



" PASS THET FLITCH."

They ramm'd their heads into the beans,
And their hoofs in the hash ;
Kick'd overboard the pork and greens
Quicker than any flash ;
The gravy upsot on Syke's legs,
And burnt him to the skin ;
The coffee was spill'd all over Meigs,
And made the critter spin.

They fit and goug'd most furiously
Till nearly onto night ;
And to see 'em chaw each other,
We all enjoyed the sight.
The captain felt the jar below,
And thought the boat was clear,
And sung out to red-headed Joe
To go above and steer.

But he heard, when he kem on deck,
A hundred voices shout :
" Give it him, Sand ! " " Now, Knox, his neck ! "
And, " Let 'em fight it out ! "
Smith, in tryin' to stop the row,
Got plugged in the ear ;
And Big Mike disfigured his bow
By runnin' into Alf Greer.

Says the mate, " We'll have none ov this
Fitin' on this yer craft ! "
He caught one on his proboscis,
Which sent him flying aft.
But finally thar wind run out,
And they could fight no more ;
But lay and chawed each other's snout,
And ripp'd, and cuss'd, and swore.

Says Sandy, " I can tan all sich
Dern'd critters' ornery hide ;
You won't, eh ! Won't you pass thet flicht ? "
They both played out and—died.

We buri'd 'em on Spar Island bar,
With ther fitin' harness on.
And sot a board above the par
Of heroes thet wuz gone.
But sorrow fill'd the boat thet day,
Till every heart wuz pricked,
To think the fight wuz thrown away—
And neither ov 'em licked.

ZEKE SLABSIDES.

Tim Juggles was a butcher's son, of Southern Illinois,
Who spent his early youth in winning pins from other
boys,
'Till the fuz 'pon his upper lip began to venture out,
When he went into the bus'ness of a steamboat roust-
about.
He took his reg'lar rations in, of hard-tack, hash, and
junk,
And stole promiscuously his naps from sack pile, plank,
and bunk,
'Till finally he found his wealth in currency did range
Near sixteen dollars and six bits, all in good silver
change.

Tim sat a moment on the deck, still gazing on his tin,
Then grasp'd a pen, and wrote and sent his resignation
in :

And from a busted gambolier he purchased dice and
truck,
And opened right upon the spot a bank of chucka-
luck.
For months he prospered handsomely in raking in the
cash,
When to his finances there came one day an awful
smash ;
And just to show that wealth has wings, and very often
flies,
I'll give the circumstance in full, which happened in this
wise :

Zeke Slabsides was dishwasher upon that same steam-
boat—
Of bell-crown'd fashion was his hat, and country jeans
his coat ;
But the way he made the suds fly, caus'd all to stop and
look,
And vow that he was business in what he undertook.
One day, when the cook's eye was turned away from Ze-
kel's tub,
He sold to a deck passenger a quarter's worth of grub,
And straightway started for the stern, till just abaft the
crank,
He squatted down upon the deck, and went for Juggles'
bank.

Zeke slapped his quarter on the ace, and rushed the
gambling through
Upon a scale that soon made Tim shell out his bottom
sou ;

And when the cook went back to see what Zekel could
be at,

He found him with all Juggles' wealth stowed in his
bell-crowned hat.

When Juggles saw his bank was broke, ses he, "There's
something wrong,"

And straightway curs'd a stream of oaths, just eighty-
five miles long.



"GOOD-BY."

He swore that he could lick the Jake that play'd that
thing on him;

And, reaching forth for Zekel, took him in the jaw,
cabim.

198 *FIGHTIN' BILL OV THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.*

Zeke set his hat upon a box, and on Tim set his eye,
And said, "If you have any friends, just bid them now
good-by,"

And, striking from his shoulder, took him just below the
snout:

All after known of Juggles was the hole where he went
out.

The moral of this story is, as plainly can be seen,
That if all is not gold that shines, some ripe fruit may
look green.

And those who spend their energies in prating of ill-
luck,

May 'see how easy fortune yields, when once attacked
with pluck.

FIGHTIN' BILL OF THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

Bill came in to the trade with the derndest old craft:
She wuz broke down amidships, and hogg'd all abaft,
And her chimn'ys they lean'd at right angles away;
But he'd writ on her wheelhouse: "I've kem yer ter
stay!"

The people all laughed at the plug ov a boat,
And declared how her captain should have a new coat;
Fer his elbows wer out, and his knees wuz not in—
But Bill wuz honest and square, and rags wa'nt no sin.

He wuz deckhand and rouser—stood watch at the
wheel,

And would fire till he made the old safety-valve squeal.

Wall, the berths thet he held on thet boat wan't a few,
Fer the boys all declar'd he wuz chambermaid, too !
He would run any boat in the trade out ov sight,
And wuz nêver see'd nappin' in day time or night,
But would land fer a hail jist ter take in a dime,
And the shippers they sed : " Give us Bill every time."

The other boats vowed thet the thing wuz very plain
Thet their business wuz played if this chap did remain ;
So to put up a job they straightway went about,
The object ov which wuz jist to raise William out.
They cut down on the rates, and tuk passengurs cheap :
What before they'd charged one, now would pay fer a
heap.

But Bill staid in the game with his duces and trays,
And, what worried 'em most, he kept standin' the raise.



"THAR HIZ."

Competition went on, and the money it flew ;
When they landed fer freight, Bill wuz always thar, too,
And rak'd in such a shar ov the trade which they
sought
Thet they swore by the pow'rs " 'twuz a tartar they'd
caught."
Yes, he staid, yer bet, and yer will find him thar yit ;
He will tell yer about all the fights thet he's fit—
Fer Bill he wuz game, and attended ter biz ;
" And yer see all them ' *white collared boats* ' ? "—wall,
thar hiz.

DUCK CREEK BILL.

It's th' wick'd as gits the cream down here,
And the pius as gits the crust ;
But the ways of Providence ar queer,
And I reck'n we'll have to trust.

I've alwuz went on religion some,
And have done my reg'lar shar
Toward sending souls to kingdom come—
But I hain't no luck in prar.

Why, when the keards went agin me flat,
And I lost my bottom red,
And rais'd a stake on my boots and hat,
What do yer think thet I sed.

Did I blow and spout and want to fight?
No, sur'ee, thet aint my trade.

I goes to my room that very night
And got on my knees and pray'd.



"NO LUCK IN PRAR."

I told the Lord how the thing had gone,
And dwelt on my awful luck—
How Luke had my yoke of steers in pawn,
And how ter'bly I wuz stuck.

Besides, he didn't belong to the church,
And wuz given to gain and sin,
Tuk pride in leav'n the saints in th' lurch,
And ropin' the members in.

Wall, I felt relieved, and went to work
Plum full ov religious strength ;
Yer see I nev'r wuz called a shirk,
And I alwuz goes my length.

So I stak'd my pile right on the tray,
And watched the dealer turn ;

But whar thet critter learned to play,
I did not stop fer to larn.

Fer, what do yer think? Art'r all thet fuss,
In showin' up Jim Luke's sin,
The wicked, worldly, ornery cuss
Cleaned me plum out agin.

No—thar 'aint no salvation for me!
I have got no show up thar;
I'm umble as any one broke can be—
But I hain't no luck in prar.

DAD SIMPSON.

Dad was the ruff'st old son-of-a-gun,
And you orto've heard him swar;
But when thar wuz hard work to be done,
Dad Simpson wuz alwuz thar.

He'd stow more cotton, and alwuz could,
Than any rouster aboard;
And when it kem to totin in wood,
He ginerally took a cord.

He'd pile it up as a great corn-crib,
And never once look behind,
But rush aboard like a schoon'r with jib
A scuddin before the wind.

And as fer carryin' sacks ov corn
He never has had his mate,

For the critter hasn't yit been born
Could stay with him arly an' late.

He took more pride in puttin work through
And never missin a turn,
Than any yer palaver'd preach'rs do
In thar Lat'n and Greek to learn.

Why, I've oft'n seed him refuse a drink
When a chum wuz standin treat,
And rush ashore like a greased wink
And shoulder a sack ov wheat.

Yes, sur, he wuz game and business too,
And it makes me feel d—nd bad
To think how them sacks they grew and grew,
Till they finally kill'd old Dad.

And this is how thet it kem about—
But, excuse these wimin's eyes—
When I think how sudd'nly Dad pip'd out,
It causes my feel'ns to rise.

As I said, the sacks kept gittin big,
But the old man didn't complain;
He wa'nt a chap as wuz go'n to renig,
Or spout about his pain.

But one day, when totin a heavy bag
He fell on the for'ard stage.
Some said as 'twuz sunstroke made him lag,
And some how it wuz old age.

But the cor'ner kem and laid him out,
And, address'n the jury, said,
The cause of his death is still in doubt—
But its sart'n thet he is dead.

And they all agre'd 'twuz a sing'lar case;
But, diskiver'n his broken back,
Return'd—"Dad Simpson ended his race—
A victim ov too much sack."



"TOO MUCH SACK."

THE UNRECONSTRUCTED.

Sandy Hawkins was his name, and he resided down in
Pike,
And for railing on the Yankees no one ever saw his like.
He would curse them with an eloquence, so extremely
rich and rare,
It partook of all the earnestness and fervency of prayer.

There are men whose force of character is much to be admired,
Then there are some who, by old nick, seem to have been inspired :



And so it was with Sandy, who would loaf around and sware,
Just to remind the settlement he was residing there.

"A carpet-bagger," he would say, with his peculiar sneer,
"Is not the style of citizen will find it healthy here."
And then, if any were about, to touch them to the quick,
He'd add, "I never saw a Yankee yet I couldn't lick."

He'd bluffed off all new-comers, while a number he had
whaled,
And those he hadn't pommelled, he'd effectually quailed,
Till one day he struck a stranger, who, in conversation
with,
He discovered was a Yankee, known in short as big
Jim Smith.



They had played a game of poker, which was quarter ante,
straight;
But the cards went back on Sandy at a fearful rapid
rate,
Till the whole amount of currency that attached itself to
him
Was safely stowed away within the pantaloons of Jim.
Then he said he had been cheated, and his dander rose
and rose,
As he proceeded to divest himself of all his extra clothes;

'Twas "nigger" luck that beat him, and "wan't" done
upon the square,
And 'twas evident he meant to "go" for Jim right then
and there.



But Mr. Smith was quiet and as modest as a child,
And he stood and looked at Sandy, as though pained to
see him "riled ;"
Said he didn't like to fight a man for such a trivial cause,
And besides it wans't proper thus to trespass on the laws.
Is there reason in a madman, or infuriated steer ?
Then there wasn't none in Sandy, as it shortly will ap-
pear ;
For, in spite of all remonstrance, he proceeded, as he
thought,
To "put a head upon his man," but this time he was
caught.



He danced around and ripped and tore, and struck out
left and right,
And swore he'd have his money back, or else he'd have a
fight,



'Till Smith, in self-defence, was forced to "plug" him in the neck.

Well, the citizens they volunteered to clear away the wreck.

They gathered up the pieces that were scattered on the ground,



And they filled him full of whiskey, thinking that would bring him 'round ;

For a moment breath came to him, and his lips were open wide,

As he closed them, "damn the Yankees," was the whisper, and he died.

JIM CRANK.

THE OLD RESIDENT'S STORY.



It's thirty years since I've seen Jim, who then was past
his prime ;

I jedge he's old and wrinkl'd now, and stoop'd and
wreck'd by time.

He left here in forty-four, on a cruise with the Belle
Zane,

And how he kem to quit these parts you want me to ex-
plain.

It wa'nt the railroads run him off, nor nothing of that
kind,

A streak of luck is what made Jim leave old Duck Creek
behind ;

It happen'd during the flood, when the streams were running out,
And this is just exactly how the whole thing kem about:



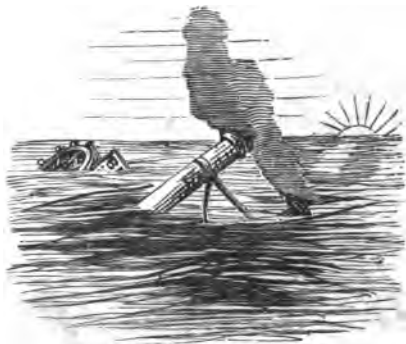
One night when Jim was absorbed in a game of full deck sledge,
The Belle Zane ran upon a log, then listed on her edge,
But before he could understand what made her bend and crack,
She turned a double sommersault, and lit upon her back.

Some few in safety reached the shore, and many more were drowned,
But Jim he took the helm and vowed that he would bring her round.
Says he, "I'll hold her level for the city of Hong Kong;"
Then hollow'd to the engineer, "Just let her go along."

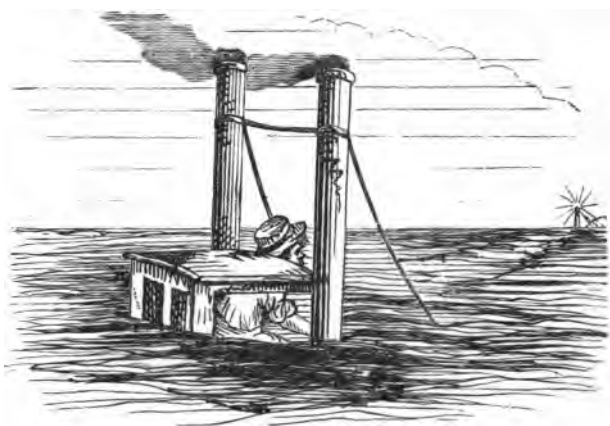
For forty days and forty nights he steer'd her by the compass,
And still he pushed ahead, and still the wheel kept up a rumpus ;



And as each cheerful morning sun dispelled the gloom of night,
He saw that all was working well—the boat commenced to right.



The pilot house began to raise its top above the ocean,
The chimneys, red and rusty, show'd by much their largest portion ;



When, lo! he saw the lighthouse lamps gleam on the
breast of briny,
And soon the boat was right side up, and safely moored
in China.



She's running now on the other side among the antipodes,
And carries scores of passengers at profitable fees.
The Emperor and Empress, too, have travelled on that
boat,
And Jim's a Prince of the Flow'ry Land and wears a gilt-
edge coat.



That's how he kem to quit the creek, and leave his former trade,
And we talk and talk, from year to year, of the trip he made.
I jedge he's old and wrinkled now, and stooped and wrecked by time,
For he left here in fourty-four, and then was past his prime.

MORAL.

Now when misfortune's gathering clouds begin to lower
about,
Don't entertain the slightest thought of ever lighting
out.
Stick to the situation, swear to rise or perish there,
And in the end your bound to come out right side up
with care.

THE COLORED FLUNKY BAND.

[MISSISSIPPI RIVER, 1868.]



"Come," says the Steward, "let's have a tune,
Your silvery notes explode!"
Each dusky minstrel took a horn
And blowed, and blowed, and blowed.

The farmers to the river ran,
Red-headed boys and towed,
The dogs they yelped to see the fun,
Still they blowed, and blowed, and blowed.



The sweat rushed down their heaving sides,
Their boots were overflowed,
Their collars bursted open wide;
Still they blowed, and blowed, and blowed.

“Boys, that’ll do!” the Steward exclaimed,
“Your talents you’ve well showed.”
They thought he meant to put her through,
So they blowed, and blowed, and blowed.

The barber dropped dead by his drum,
He had played out all he knowed,
The fifer struck up "Kingdom Come,"
And they blowed, and blowed, and blowed.

The bugler struck an aërial course,
Six ways his horn he throwed,
He bursted with high pressure force;
Still they blowed, and blowed, and blowed.



The other six swelled up so big,
Such wind was in them stowed,
Their cheeks looked like balloons full rigged;
Still they blowed, and blowed, and blowed.

But presently there came a clash,
And the music ceased to play,
The band had bursted all to smash,
And blew themselves away.

SIC TRANSIT.

She left on the train with her satchel,
 Saying she would return in a week,
 Well, for falsehoods some females can match all—
 But excuse me, I'd rather not speak
 What I think of the woman I courted and married recently;
 the fact is, I'm in a dreadful bad streak.

She was fair (and with jewels adorned her),
 Though not in her dealings with me.
 In a month she went back on the corner
 We had worked up in matrimony;
 Which wasn't just exactly according to the style I had
 expected things to be.

A letter: "Excuse, hubby, dear, my strange action;
 I have just now received my divorce;
 This now is a common transaction,
 And I hope you'll consider the source.
 You are now free to palm yourself off on some other unsuspecting
 female for a wealthy retired gentleman,
 and, having obtained her consent, you will marry her,
 of course."

"OUR MEMBER" FROM DUCK CREEK SETTLEMENT.

He kem ter these parts a few ye'rs ago,
 A straunger plum out—he'd no sort ov a show;

No money ner cregit ter start him in biz—
But pluck, game, and sich like, wer eminently hiz.
So he raked up a stake ov a thousand or less,
An' purchased forthwith a Hoe-cylinder press,
An' right on the primises immijately he
Commenced fer ter print a rip-snortin' dai-ly



The Court-house an' Council he carried by storm
In a long editorial which argued reform,
An' hinted the sheriff would be raise from his boots
Unless he divided an' went in cahoots.
The printin' he got by a *coup d'état*,
During which, for a time, he suspended the law,
And commanded the good city dads to keep still,
While he ground out sum light from his own "gospel
mill."

But the straungest ov all wuz hiz great enterprise,
Which made other editors open their eyes,
And vow thet his specials, double-leaded so fine,
From beginnin' ter end wer the reg'lar grapevine.
The news thet he furnished wuz some to behold;
He'd bury a critter before he wuz cold,

220 "OUR MEMBER" FROM DUCK CREEK.

An' spin out an epetaph twenty lines long,
'Fore hiz victem wud know thar wuz anythin' wrong.



Perlitical meetins wer hiz very best holt;
An' yer's orter've seed him conductin' a bolt,
When the thing want a goin' jist accordin' to Hoyle,
An' a nigger got in or a chap truly lo-il.
I tell yer, old boss, he wuz pizen on um,
An' I've night an' agin seed him go on a bum.
He thought nothin' ov takin' a twenty mile tramp
Just ter git ter throw shell in a Radical camp.



But he's a law-maker now, up in Jefferson Cit—
With a hul season ticket for a seat in the pit;

Got his lamps on the White House—the President's
char.

Well, if ever he starts, h—ll won't keep him from thar.
But I 'spose everything's the will ov the Lord,
An' our member is jist takin' in his reward—
Though I know he's more faith in good healthy green-
backs,
Then he hes in the moral thet's taught in yer "tracks."

I FIT WITH GRANT.

[ST. LOUIS, 1873.]

I.

Hev you seen the ginerol? Well, he is now in town—
Kem out from Washington to see his place;
I seed him yesterday a strollin' down
The street, an' recognized his face.
But I noticed he didn't seem to remember me,
Although I fit with him in eighteen sixty-three.

II.

The people all rushed up and took his hand,
An' sed how they were very glad ter see
Him lookin' well; I couldn't understand,
For I fit with him in sixty-three,
Why they should fawn about and act so freely,
So many who had voted straight for Greeley.

III.

I 'spose they'll show him 'round about the city,
Hev some receptions an' a grand parade,
An' every loyal cub will speak his ditty,
To prove the importance of the part he play'd
In savin' this great land of liberty.
But, enough for me, I fit in eighteen sixty-three.



IV.

I haint no pension ner a laid out section,
Ner any voice in Uncle Sam's farms ;
You see, the old man an' me cut our connection
An' swung apart when Lee laid down his arms ;

Which seems quite curious, I must agree,
For one who fit with Grant in eighteen sixty-three.

V.

I've often seed the Ginerall durin' battle
Rush up an' down the front and cheer the men,
When cannon roared an' musket balls did rattle.
But ten long years have passed away since when
I fit with him, way back in sixty-three,
A private in the army of Ginerall Lee.

PETER JONES, THE MODEL HERO.*

Once, in the flight of time, there lived a boy,
Who came of poor but honest parentage ;
He was his mother's pet and father's joy,
And just exactly eighteen years of age
When he did quit this sublunary sphere,
And died a hero, as it will appear.

He was an unsophisticated youth,
Fresh from the verdant fields of Posey County,
Who never could speak anything but truth,
Though offered for each falsehood a large bounty ;
And when he came to town to seek a living,
Much good advice to other boys kept giving.

* The illustrations to this article are from *Nast's Almanac* for 1874, published by Harper Brothers, New York.

He never played with marbles or with balls,
And saw no good in any of these ways,
But loved to view the horses in their stalls,
And this one criticise, and that one praise;
And daily made commendable progression
In studying for the bob-tailed car profession.



For many weeks he strolled about the city,
And ran in debt for board and all expenses;
He made some friends, who said it was a pity,
And vowed the boy was losing all his senses—
For he would stand for hours, with mouth ajar
And view with ecstasy each passing car.

One day he got a driver's situation,
And felt, at length, that he had drawn a prize;
In fact, it was an active occupation,
In which a youth was very apt to rise—
For every one who did engage to drive
Was bound by contract to get up at five.



He took the reins as one ordained to rule,
Then tightened them a little with each hand,
As though to say, "Well, now, good Mister Mule,
Hereafter I would have you understand
That when I say to you, 'Come, go along,'
That I am captain of this 'ere shebang."



Just then the starter blew a piercing blast,
Which made the animal prick up its ears
And dash ahead at gait so very fast
As to arouse in Peter Jones some fears;

But when the car began to jolt and shake,
The inmates hallooed out, "Put down the brake!"

Instead of putting down, he screwed it up,
Which only made the mule rush onward faster;
When, lo! the car ran on a big bull-pup,
And Peter whispered to himself, "Dod blast her!"
But, after going on one wheel awhile,
It settled down again in splendid style;

Then dashed ahead at a terrific rate,
Alike unheeding rings to stop or hail.
The passengers were in a fearful state—
Strong men did pray and weaker women wail;
Spectators said the sight was truly grand
To witness Peter drive that "one in hand."



Just then another car came round the curve—
Two single mules were blended into one;
Ask for those passengers! I would observe
That "they have put their angel plumage on;"

And in the wreck were found the cold remains
Of Peter Jones, still holding to the reins.

The coroner was summoned to the scene,
And held an inquest on the men and mules.
He said the accident might not have been
Had both the cars observed the comp'ny's rules,
Which read emphatically, in white and black,
"Two cars shall never pass upon one track."

The evidence for several days was taken—
Some said 'twas carelessness, and some, 'twas not;
At first the public mind was sorely shaken,
But in a month the whole thing was forgot—
Except the bravery of Peter Jones,
Who has a monument above his bones.



THE DUSTY SEASON.

Of all the ills which vex mankind,
There's none that is so trying
As stepping out to always find
This "terra firma" flying.
There's nothing we can say is ours;
Our gardens can't be trusted,
For yesterday I planted flowers
And they got up and dusted.



"DUSTING."

My lettuce, too, and cabbage failed,
The radishes are dying,
And, goodness, how the madam railed
To see the beds a-flying !
"Look here," said she, "at this vile room !
I'm perfectly disgusted."
"My dear," said I, "just get a broom ;"
And she got up and dusted.

The doctor came to feel the pulse
Of Nell, who had the fever.
"I have no fear for the results,"
Said he, "I'll soon relieve her ;
Her peck of dirt she's ate this week,
And never once mistrusted ;
Some purer climate let her seek."
And she got up and dusted.

For weeks we battled with the foe,
Who gained upon us daily ;
The Steinway's ruined, the clock won't go,
The canary sings less gayly ;
The dog looked like a walking farm
Of vegetation busted,
And, fearing still more serious harm,
Why, he got up and dusted.

"Go for the Mayor," said I to John,
"Be quick and get about ;
Tell him to send a posse on
With spades to dig us out."
But blind with dirt, he struck the fence,
And his proboscis busted.
Then, striking a two-forty hence,
Why, he got up and dusted.

Above I saw the lightning's flash,
And heard the distant thunder ;
-- Anon, another deafening crash,
Which said, "All stand from under."

Then quickly came the welcome rain—
Came ere we had mistrusted—
And here I would remark again,
That we got up and dusted.

AN IDYL OF NORTH FORK.



Well, bring up a chair—I forget, but I'll try and repeat
it to you:

The sun in the forest had set, and the swallows had all
homeward flew,

When Sally stole out to the pasture, in search of the
cows, and Zekel happened to loiter there, too.



She slackened her pace, and he spurred ; she paused and listened, and then
Said : " I thought 'twas old baldy I heard," and majestically moved on again ;
Leaving Zekel to bring up the rear, one of the most devoted and admiring of men.





Soon she came to a rut in the road—the wagon-tires
chiselled it out—

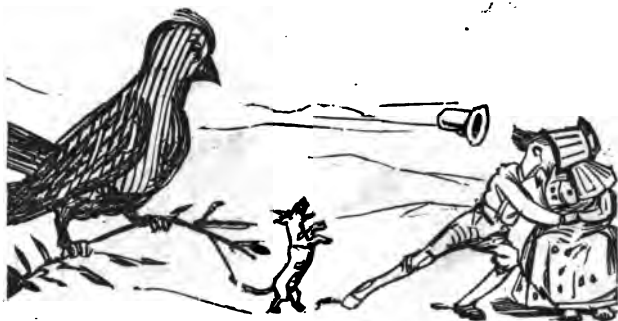
When she stumbled and in it she throwed her hands—
beg your pardon—her snout;

But Zekel threw off his suspenders, and at the peril of
his own life, soon brought her safely out.





Then he said: "Are you hurt, dearest Miss? Oh, speak! keep me not in suspense. Has it injured your no-proboscis?" and he smoothed the skin over the dents. And carrying her some distance, in his arms, laid her down in the corner of the fence.



Now she opened her eyes and looked up, and said :

“ Whoa, Baldy ; you Sue—

Whoa—no—yes ; Zeke, yer darned old pup ! Wall ’taint

—yes, you critter ; Oh, shew !

A thing, however, which Zeke had not the slightest intentions to do.



Zeke saw 'twas the moment to press, to a successful conclusion, his suit,

So he said, what most people will guess, how they'd better go into cahoot.

And Sally perfectly acquiesced in his conclusion, for she never raised her voice in an opposing toot.

The birds sang their tunes overhead, and the brook went gurgling by,

Both heard every word that was said, but neither made any reply ;

Though an old blue-bird was particularly interested, and kept on the young folks an eye.



Soon the lovers rose up and went on ; went onward in search of the cows.

“Where could them ere critters have gone? Oh, there they are taking a browse.”

When Zekel struck out, and in a moment had them all moving towards the house.



And Sally walked close by his side, and within his own
thrust her arm.

They talked of the prospects so wide, and the acres in
her father's farm,

Until it got so dark that to steal a kiss Zekel thought
would be no harm.



Well, to cut matters short, they were wed ; the old folks
objected at first ;

But she showed them her nose all so red, and the side
where the peeling had burst,

And, informing them of the heroic manner in which Ze-
kel rescued her, the paternal objections dispersed.

Should you pass by the Fork you will see a house stand-
ing just at the ford.

And a shingle nailed out on a tree, tells the traveller
there's lodging and board.

That's their home ; and if you are hungry, go in, for you
will get a good meal, on my word.



AN IDYL OF DUCK CREEK.

'Twas in that lovely season of the year,
 When papaws ripen and grow soft and black,
 And in the daily market do appear
 To tempt loose change from the depleted sack,
 That Sally Skinner, the fair apple maid,
 With laden basket to the levee strayed.



She was quite young, just bordering on sixteen,
 Of comely presence as you'd wish to see,
 Although she wasn't dressed just like a queen
 (Her dress flapped in the wind a little free);
 But she was lively, and could sell more fruit
 Than all the pedlers on the creek to boot.

Her mother took in washing on the hill,—
 Sometimes took something stronger in, 'twas said;
 But then she was a woman of strong will,
 And never let it run off with her head;
 But plied her business in an even way
 And earned her daily bread from day to day.



And so they prospered, as 'tis plain all should
 Who pass their time away in doing good,
 And in due time financially took rank
 As having quite a nest egg in the bank;
 But lovely Juliet met her Romeo,
 And why should Sally ever unloved go?



He was deck-sweeper on the Mary Ann,
 A youth of galus stride and coarse red hair,
 Would soon grow up to be a bully man:
 He now could chew tobacco, fight, and swear.

How could the lovely creature answer nay,
To "Sally, pass the produce up this way"?



It charmed the girl to see her lover eat;
And so she gazed, and never once mistrusted,
While he was taking in the sour and sweet,
That he or she, or both, would soon be busted;
But so it was, for when she homeward strayed
She found her fruit, her time and money played.



The empty basket made her mother smile,
For it did argue a most prosperous day,
But when she said, "Dear Sally, where's your pile?"
The maiden turned her head another way.
You may imagine, but I can't express,
How old dame Skinner did her offspring bless.

But women are but women after all ;
And when the bankrupt daughter did explain,—
Although denouncing her commercial fall,—
Resolved to set her up in trade again.
So, swiftly to the bank the mother went,
And, draft in hand, demanded her last cent.



Then, calling Sally to her side, she said :
“Go buy a peck, and try your luck again ;
But shun the fellow with the sandy head,
Or from this house forever you’ll remain.”
And so she sallied forth, and talked and smiled,
And sought the youth again, the silly child.



She found him brushing up the lower deck ;
But meeting, they did both sit down to rest.



He of her apple cart soon made a wreck,
 And left the girl again most sore distressed,
 Who gazed on him and then looked in the basket;
 How dear he was we scarcely need to ask it.



They married, and were happy in their love;
 Promotion came and raised him to deckhand,—
 And on the raging creek he still does rove,
 While she's sole owner of an apple stand.
 My story's brief, but then I've no more room,
 The rest I'll leave the reader to presume.



KENO'S CORRECT.

I'm played out of stamps, and of course out of friends,
I'm out at the elbows, and out at the ends ;
The lack of a figure, my finances wrecked,
For I went on a card they called " Keno's Correct."



I bucked at the game till I wore my seat through,
And came very near making Keno, 'tis true,
But some one would knock when I'd most to expect,
And the dealer exclaim, " Ah, Keno's Correct!"

And oft when I've lacked but one number to fill,
There's Brown in the room, who cannot be still ;

Now thumps on the board with a terrible blow,
"Here, take up this card, I've made a Keno!"

Thus disgusted with Keno, I fell deep in love,
I wrote her sweet letters, I called her my dove,
Will you have your Augustus, Dulcinea? reflect:
"You bet!" she exclaimed, "Cob, your Keno's Cor-
rect!"

So to make things more pleasant, a young Cobbler we've
had,
And the ladies all say he looks just like his dad.
Says she, "Name it, my dear, with a name most select,"
Says I, "Keno we'll call it," says she "Keno's Cor-
rect!"

THE CHAMPION OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

'Twas a beautiful night: where the orange trees bloom,
And Cynthia shone bright o'er vale, river, and tomb:
And the fragrant magnolia all robed in her green,
And snowy white blossoms enchanted the scene.

All the world seemed asleep; not even a sigh
Went out on the stream, that in silence flowed by,
Nor the hoot of the owl, nor the splash of the oar,
For still were the waters, and still was the shore.

Thus bathed in the moonlight the vales calmly sleep—
Not even a hound seemed the vigil to keep;

244 *THE SHATTERED LAMP CHIMNEY.*

And the zephyrs, retired to the moss-covered tree,
Had whispered good-night to the great inland sea.

So still was the scene, till, far o'er the trees
A cloud was seen looming, and borne on the breeze,
And a sound like the booming of cannon was heard,
When the North and the South in dread conflict were
 stirred.

And see in the distance a signal-light gleam ;
Now it glares on the forest, now falls on the stream.
Wake, beautiful waters ; no slumbers for thee,
For charging thy breast comes the Robert E. Lee.

She comes like a giant, that none can withstand,
Leaves the river an ocean, destroying the land ;
All alone like a knight riding fearlessly free,
For none can keep pace with the Robert E. Lee.

THE SHATTERED LAMP CHIMNEY.

Click, click, click—aha ! what noise was that ?
A mouse in the room, or a roving bat,
Or a tiny gust of wind, perhaps,
That steals in the door, and the curtain flaps.
No, neither of these ; I see—I see—
The blaze has broken the lamp chimney.

Well, let it go—perhaps you would say,
Toss the worthless thing in the street away.

Ho, servant! another glass bring here,
That the light may burn more steady and clear.
But no, kind friend, let the bankrupt be,
There's a moral here I fain would see.



BROKE AGAIN.

How riv'n it is; 'twas an awful shock,
And rang like the bell in the old town clock,
Tolling the waning hours of the night
As they drift through the flood of mellow light,
Till over the prairie and far away,
Behold the approach of the god of day.

Though broken the glass, the lamp will burn,
For another chimney will take its turn :

When this, like man, has joined the corps
Of the ages that have lived before,
Quite unremembered, save by him
Who watched the flick'ring blaze grow dim.

Thus life's but a mysterious dream,
And blessings very rarely what they seem,
And smiles oft come from a broken heart,
And loving words play the traitor's part ;
And so 'tis we run our worldly race,
Till shatter'd and brok'n we yield our place.

SHEETS FROM THE ROLLER.

The drowsy flat drifts onward with the stream ;
But boats that go against it must have steam.

No trade so base to bar the door of fame ;
Since all will praise the man who beats the game.

We most admire the qualities we lack,
And shun the glass that shows our own humped back.

Reticence often deepest meaning teach ;
A well-meant look goes farther than a speech.

Who wastes his time in counting other's gains,
Will have but empty pockets for his pains.

Learn early, vicious acts and thoughts to shun,
For sin is freighted more with grief than fun.

He that indulges all his appetites,
Will soon find cheerless days and sleepless nights.

Let drones and idlers fear the avenging rod;
Who labors patiently is serving God.

The man who dissipates because he's troubled,
Soon will find his woes all doubled.

Who spends his time around the gay saloon,
Shall find life's evening ere it should be noon.

Proud man, remember that one tiny breath
Is all the door that stands 'twixt thee and death.

THE BLOOD-STAINED BOOT-JACK;

OR,

THE CHAMBERMAID'S REVENGE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FEROCIOUS COBBLER (armed with boot-jack).

JAGGLES }
WIGGINS } His friends.

ABIGAIL.

PHILLIS, a darkey living with Abigail.

DON RAPHAEL.

FERGUSON, a barkeeper.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A street.*

[*Enter Cobbler, singing.*]

Fill up the bowl, hic—'tis my delight—hic—
'Tis the only—hic—friend to me—
When all my friends shall—hic—be forgot,
I'll still—hic—remember thee—e—e
I'll still remember thee—hic.

[*Enter Jaggles and Wiggins.*]

Jaggles—A merry song, old Cob; but we've nary red

To buy a toddy or hire a bed;
And what is worse, O Cobbler, would you think,
No friend has asked us up to take a drink?

Cobbler—[*holding up a dime.*]

Here is a—hic—dime; 'tis all the Cobbler's store,
Though light the pile, he's not afraid to—hic—show
her.



Come, blooming youths, a five-cent house—hic—we'll
seek,

And what we lack in change, we'll pay in cheek.
So come, we'll drink and drown this present—hic—sor-
row,

And trust to luck for what's in store to-morrow.

[*Exeunt Cobbler, Jaggles, and Wiggins.*]

ACT II.

[*A bar-room.*]

Barkeeper—Boys, what'll you take?

Wiggins—[*putting his hand to his stomach*]

A little something that will stop this ache.

But hurry up, I haven't time to choose,

Just toss me something that will stop the blues.

Jaggles—Do me the same; don't measure quite so close;

[*Putting his hand on his bread basket.*]

A double vacuum needs a double dose.

Cobbler—Give me a whiskey plain, I cannot—hic—wait.

I never—hic—mix, but take the royal straight.

[*Holding up his change.*]

Of this old dime I mean to make the most,

Nor to diluted Bourbon drink a toast.

But, Jaggles, your toast; and then we'll drink.

Jaggles—Too dry am I to either talk or think;

But here it is:

As grass that's wilting for the summer rain,

So do my inwards of the drought complain;

My spirits lag—dim grows my aching sight;

But thou, old Betsy, soon will set me right.

Wiggins—Come, come, let's drink, my inwards crave the wine.

Cobbler—Hold but a minute, till I—hic—give you mine:

[*To the liquor.*]

Friend of the morn, to clear my aching head,

And light me at night most gloriously to bed.

[*They drink; the Cobbler hands the barkeeper the ten cents.*]

Barkeeper—Ten cents, you say? Why, this is five times ten!

Cobbler—Is that a fact? Just fill 'em up again.

Wiggins—That does so well, just please renew the dose;

I don't know when a horn has fit so close.

Juggles—Almost as close as the old Cobbler's love.

Cobbler—Speak gently, boys, of that angelic—hic—dove,

This night we meet beneath the moonlit air,

At least, I sent her word that I'd be there.



But, come, let's drink, I can no longer stay,

My ship is waiting, and I must away;

This night Miss Abigail must be my bride.

[*Drawing a boot-jack.*]

Or this snout-buster shall with blood be dyed.

[*They drink. Putting his hand on his stomach.*]

Thus is my soul, although a little tired,
With all the necessary stimulation fired;
And ere to-morrow's sun shall shine .
By love or force sweet Abigail is mine.

Jaggles—What! steal Miss Abigail and run away?

Cobbler—The same. But business lags, I cannot stay,
Precise at twelve upon the dock await,
This night shall make or mar the Cobbler's fate.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—*A street.*

[*Enter Cobbler.*]

This is the place; yes, the very street.
My lovely Abigail and I should meet;
This is the house—Oh, may she keep the tryst,
And not her youthful lover's gizzard twist.
Oh, that Don Raphael, if I catch him here
His wind I'll stop, besides his regular beer.
Let me but catch him, let me find him out,

[*Drawing his boot-jack.*]

And with old Betsy I will bust his snout.

[*Enter Abigail in the distance, unconscious of the Cobbler's presence.*]

But see, she comes! Ye prating bards be still,
Who sing that woman has no constant will;
Discard your doubts, where stern conviction strays,
And with a jewsharp sing her glorious praise!
I'll stand aside and watch her lovely gait,
And from her actions learn the Cobbler's fate.

[She is waiting for Don Raphael, who has gone in to get a drink.]

Ah ! see she pauses, now she looks around,
At heaven she glances, and then upon the ground,



As some lost bird that's looking for its mate ;
She seems to chirp, " O Cobbler, you are late."
But see ! a man approaches—they embrace !

[Draws his boot-jack.]

Come forth, old Betsy, I will give him chase.

[To Don Raphael.]

The wretch who interrupts the Cobbler's tryst
Shall feel the weight of both his jack and fist.

[Strikes at Don Raphael, who wards off the blow, and knocks the Cobbler down, then seizing Abigail, he bears her off in triumph.]

ACT IV.

SCENE 1.

[*An oyster boat in the distance; Jaggles and Wiggins on board; time two o'clock, A. M. Enter Cobbler with bunged eye.*]

Now, by the mourning that enshrouds my eyes,
Upon my knees I swear Don Raphael dies.

Wiggins—What loafer's that so loud does rave and swear,

Whose curses break the stillness of the air?

Jaggles—Some drunken fool, perhaps, in search of beer;

Why, no, it is our friend, the Cobbulier.

Cobbler—Aye, more ferocious than in song is sung
Of lioness when robbed of her young.

But come, no sleep to these black eyes of mine,

Till Abigail sails with me o'er the brine.

Set every sail; lay in an extra quart;

And ere I go, let's have a little snort.

[*Cobbler sets out the bottle.*]

Now fire my nerves, illumine my cloudy sight—

Don Raphael's castle I will storm this night.

[*Exit Cobbler.*]

SCENE 2.—*A house in the distance.*

[*Enter Cobbler.*]

This is the place, if I mistake it not,
Where he has all his wealth and plunder got;
A dozen toothpicks and a pound of snuff,
A deck of cards, and several pounds of duff,

With other chattels that are far too small
To suit the pirate of the old canawl.
Now for an entrance—I will look about,
And, once within, I'll bust Don Raphael's snout,
Then with my Abigail I quick will flee,
Secure her goods, and then put out to sea.
Why here a door half open seems to wait.
I'll enter here—Don Raphael, know thy fate!

[*Cobbler enters the house. A cry of "Watch" is heard from within, when he comes rushing out with a woman wrapt up in a bed-quilt.*]

Now for the ship with thee, my Abigail—



Ha! ha! who triumphs now, Don Raphael?

ACT V.

SCENE 1.—[*On board an oyster boat—time, morning.*]

Cobbler.—[*Raising the hatch.*]

Come forth, dear Abigail, and take the air,
And let the flowers behold a flower more fair.

Phillis—[*Rising from the hatch.*]

Sah, I is not Miss Abigail; I is de chambermaid ob ole Canal.

Cobbler—What! not Miss Abigail! Oh, horror! horror!

Then for kidnapping I'll be hung to-morrow,
Tremble, dingy hag, with quaking fear,
You stand before the ferocious Cobbulier.

Phillis—Ferocious Cobbler! I'll die, I know I shall!
You is de pirate ob de ole Canal.

Cobbler—The same. But serve me, and thy life I'll spare,

Which hangs at present on a nigger's hair.
Lead me at once unto my Abigail,
Or meet thy doom beneath the old Canal.

Phillis—O massa, yes, jes soon de ship am come,
I'll took you straight unto my missy's home.

[*Cobbler raises his boot-jack in a threatening manner, and, dropping it, exclaims:*]

There's blood upon the weapon!

[*Enter Jaggles and Wiggins.*]

Jaggles—Yes, Cob, this night dark, bloody deeds were done,

Which make me fear to meet this blessed sun.
Your weapon up against the capstan stood,
I seized the jack, and did the deed of blood.

[*Takes Cobbler by the hand and leads him aside.*]

He boarded us, 'twas in the dead of night—
I saw it all beneath the moon's pale light—
With frantic rage I seized the unstained jack,
And with tremendous blows I broke his back.

Cobbler—O Jaggles, speak, what bloody deed was that?

Jaggles—[*Pointing to the blood on the weapon.*]
Behold the blood—I slew a long-tailed rat!

Cobbler—Ha! ha! 'tis well—[*Drops on the deck.*]

Wiggins—But see, the Cobbler drops upon the deck;
Such bloody deeds the stoutest heart would wreck.



[*Phillis recognizes in the Cobbler an old loafer who owes her for washing.*]

Phillis—Look heah, you better jest dry up and stop
your blowin,

You can't scar me; I an't afraid o' noffin,

[*Snatching the boot-jack.*]

Now pay me, Cobbler, for dem cloes I wash,
Or else your durned ole loafin' head I'll squash,
Wid dis yere boot-jack I will bust your head,
Den frow you in de Basin wid de dead—
You fool dis niggah if you can, ole honey.

[*Flourishing the boot-jack.*]

I'll have revenge, or else I'll have de money.
You scar Miss Abigail—you can't scar me.
I'll bus your head, den frow yer in de sea.

Cobbler—Well, here's your forty cents; put up the jack,

While I go down and take a tamarack;
With rum I'll drown this bosom's raging squall,
And plot revenge against Don Raphael.
This night was his—he robbed me of my dear,
But yet shall meet the Ferocious Cobbulier.

[*Curtain falls.*]



THE END.

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